Saturday Review

AUGUST 27, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

THE MYTH OF SCIENCE FICTION

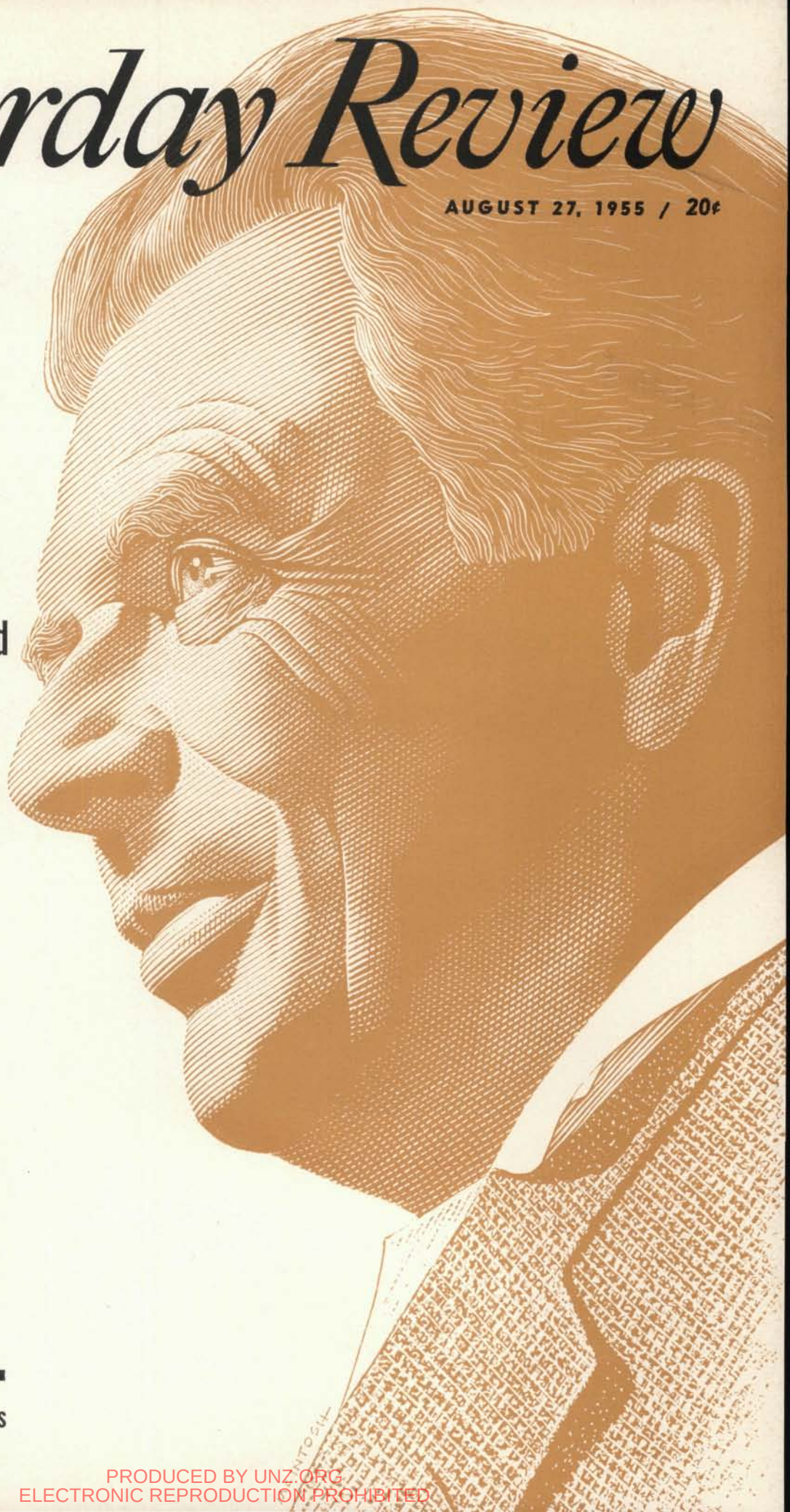
By Siegfried Mandel and Peter Fingesten

"THE BIG BOOK": Bible for Alcoholics

By John Haverstick

℞ FOR GOOD MUSIC

By R. S. Lanier



Aldous Huxley, author of "The Genius and the Goddess." (See page 9)

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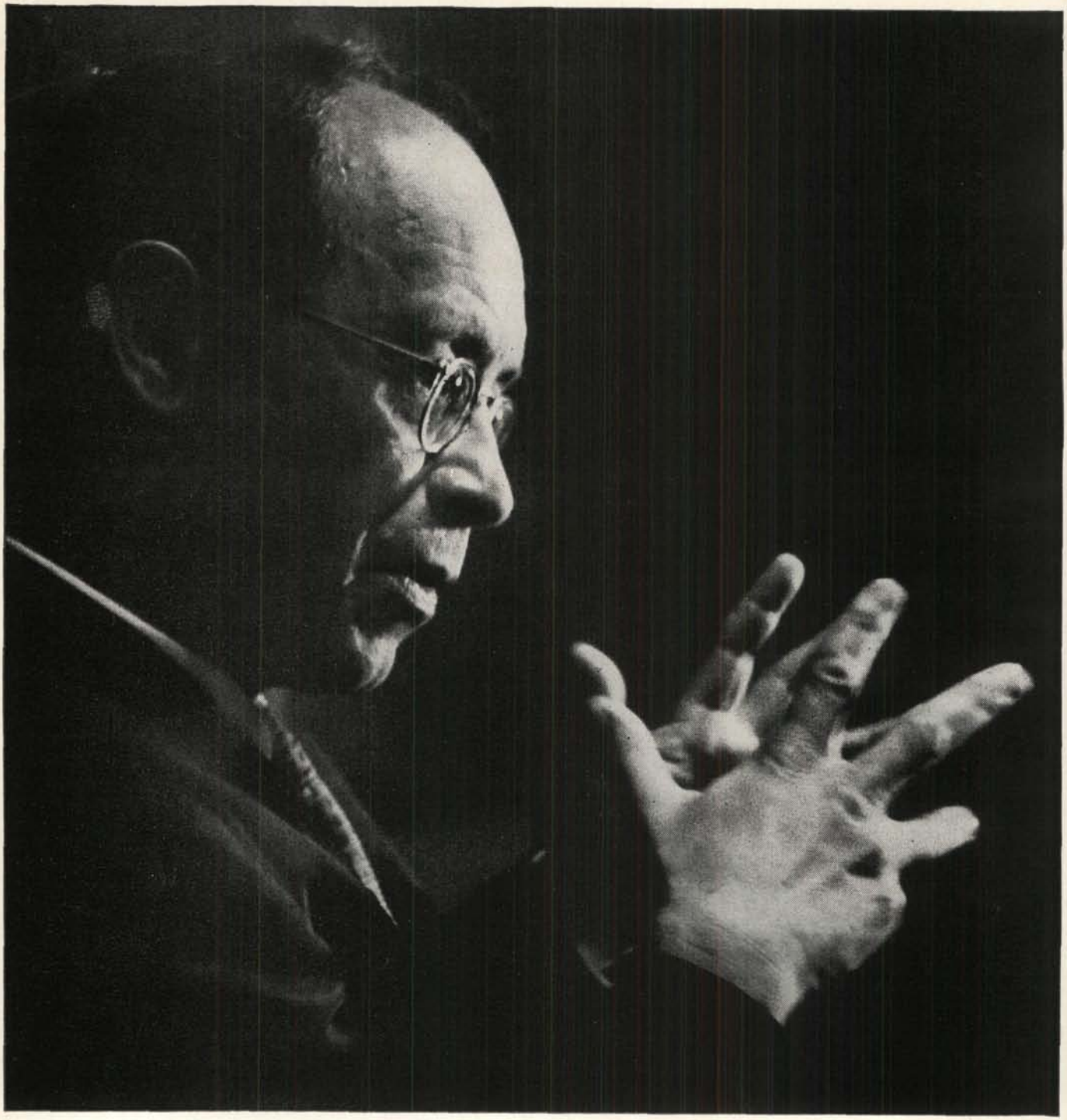
THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 27, 1955

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SR/IDEAS

7 The Myth of Science Fiction, by Siegfried Mandel and Peter Fingesten
17 "The Big Book": Bible for Alcoholics, An Essay-Review by John Haverstick
20 Critics—A Writer's View: An Editorial
31 Rx for Good Music, by R. S. Lanier

SR/BOOKS

9 The Genius and the Goddess, by Aldous Huxley
An Essay-Review by Thomas E. Cooney
11 The Picnic at Sakkara, by P. H. Newby
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster
12 Bell's Landing, by Gerald Warner Brace
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst
13 City Divided, by Ewan Butler
The Explosion, by Rainer Hildebrandt
An Essay-Review by Walter L. Dorn
14 After the Flood, by Prince Constantine of Bavaria
Reviewed by Doris Peel
15 Lascaux, or the Birth of Art, by Georges Bataille
Reviewed by Robert Goldwater
16 The Canterbury School of Illumination, 1066-1200, by C. R. Dodwell
Reviewed by Harry Bober
18 Adventuring with Beebe, by William Beebe
Reviewed by Robert Payne
19 Return to Laughter, by Elenore Smith Bowen
Reviewed by Selden Rodman

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds, by Alan Green
10 Literary Crypt
19 Literary I. Q.
21 Letters to the Editor
22 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
23 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Lee Rogow
30 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1118
31 *SR* Recordings for September

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garnise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 35, August 27, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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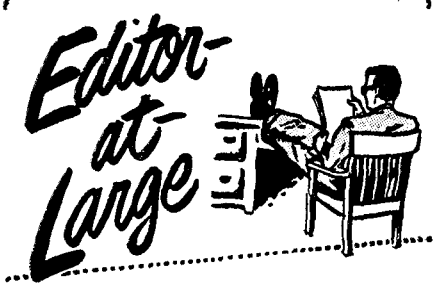

It seems as though we are always being exposed to "days" of one sort or another and urged to celebrate them by buying gifts for one person or another.

On Mother's Day, Father's Day, the religious holidays, birthdays, they're continually pressuring us to buy something for somebody.

But there is one forgotten person on these days, and it is to honor him that I propose a new day, to be called "One Day," the day on which one gives a present to one's self.

Because a gift for "One Day" is such a personal thing, obviously the most suitable choice will be a book, the most personal of all presents.

I've set September 11, the first Sunday after Labor Day as the first "One Day." Sometime before then, see your bookseller. Take your time in picking your gift; the ritual of buying a book (examining the jackets, reading passages here and there, considering half a dozen books before going back to the one you intended to get all along) can be even more satisfying than that of drinking a fine brandy.

Ask your bookseller to gift-wrap the book. If there's time, have him mail it to you. You'll be flattered when you see what an attractive package he has sent you.

And if you can't observe "One Day" on September 11—because you're busy, or broke, or out-of-town — just name your own day. The beauty of "One Day" is that it can be any day.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

My nominations for "One Day" gifts include "The Trade Wind Islands" ($3.75), by Dane Chandos, an informal travel book about the West Indies; "Guns of Chickamauga" ($3.95), by Richard O'Connor, a new novel about the Civil War; or "Shaw On Music" (95¢), an Anchor Book containing some of Bernard Shaw's musical criticism. All of these books are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which offer expert service in wrapping and handling gifts for "One Day" or any other day.

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TRADE Winds

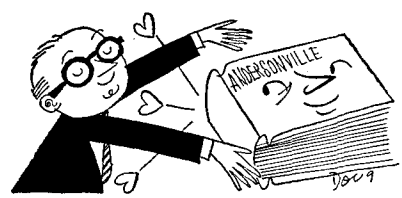
RECENTLY I'VE RECEIVED several communications about the new magazine venture of Oxford University Press. The magazine will be called *Essential Books* and will initially be distributed free to scholars, librarians, and, to quote Oxford, "members of various professions." Subscriptions to its five issues a year will be offered to the general public at an annual cost of $1. The professional free distribution, Oxford hopes, will total 190,000; Oxford further hopes that these free recipients will soon become paid subscribers. With the general public chiming in, they are aiming at a total of a 250,000 circulation. *Essential Books* will give brief and factual reviews of basic works of serious nonfiction published by Oxford and by other university presses. Its announced aim is "to inform scholars, libraries, and the members of various professions of such (essential) books promptly and factually and to make it easy for them to secure the books." This last phrase refers to Oxford's willingness to take orders for the books reviewed and advertised in *Essential Books*. (They're even now considering carrying an order form in each copy.)

Will *Essential Books* cut into bookstore trade? Oxford says No, citing the belief that mail-order advertising of books steps up bookstore demand for those same books. A couple of booksellers I spoke to said Yes, fearful that *Essential Books* will steal the customers from their aisles. Another bookseller said No, claiming that earlier developments such as book-clubs, which were expected to cut heavily into bookstore sales, hadn't.

I am told that out at the convention of the Association of American University Presses held at Seattle *Essential Books* caused something of a controversy. My informant says that one should not be misled by the fact that most university presses are planning to cooperate with Oxford, at least to the extent of announcing their books in *Essential Books*. I am told that quite a few of them share the fear of the University of Texas Press and the University of Oklahoma Press, both reported as feeling that the plan will endanger relationships with booksellers. The first *E-B* is due October 1. It will probably be several editions if not several Octobers later before proper evaluation of the claims for its values and the fears of its threat can be properly estimated.

DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE an oversize billy-goat? If so—and if you are prepared to part with it for a reasonable price—communicate with World Publishing Company, publishers of "The Bruce Rogers World Bible," a $225 hand-set, beautifully-printed King James Version. This Bible is bound in morocco, which is goatskin tanned with sumac, and there aren't many goats whose skin is big enough for this huge volume. As you might imagine, a $225 Old and New Testament is not a big turnover item. I'm told that some ten copies are sold each year. However, one copy was given, in full TV view, to Mrs. Kreitzer, the lady who won $32,000 on that fantastic TV show (if you don't know what show I am talking about, how are things in Tanganyika?). In the week following this highly visible giveaway nine copies, or approximately one year's usual sale, were sold.

I LEARNED THIS FACT the other day when I had lunch with Donald Friede and Eleanor Kask of World. I had run into them a month or so before and Donald had been filled with enthusiasm for a certain book, "Andersonville," a forthcoming MacKinlay Kantor novel based on the great Confederate prison. At that earlier meeting Donald had assured me that "Andersonville" was a very big novel, not only because of its 800 pages but also for its literary quality, its narrative excitement, its best-seller potential. Now at this later meeting Donald's enthusiasm had already been largely confirmed, although the book has yet to be published. It is the November selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.



The first printing (additional to the Club) will be 35,000 and a second printing—judging by the advance orders—will probably be necessary before publication. Donald has informed Hollywood that the price is not one penny less than $250,000, and Hollywood, I am told, is exceedingly interested. These facts were all in passing. Most of Donald's words were a continuation of that enthusiasm expressed at the earlier meeting, and—as Donald talked—I was as interested by his tone as by his words. It was the tone of a publisher in a rare and special mood. Not Donald's special tone—but the typical tone of every good publisher when he has a chance to sound it.

Every day a publisher evaluates manuscripts. Every day he edits, causes to be printed and bound, distributes to the book trade. Every day he undertakes to sell his books to book clubs, to movies, and to reprint and foreign publications. But there is another thing publishers do once in a while, and Donald was doing it at this moment. Whenever he has a good cause a publisher gets unquenchably enthusiastic about one of his books. Every good publisher does. He becomes convinced that a particular book is great and he conveys that conviction throughout his industry, so that, long before the book's publication, the world of publishing knows that a great best-seller may be on the way.

And then lightning—stored up by the publisher's enthusiasm—strikes

Robert Penn Warren's

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By the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *All the King's Men.* The electrifying story of a beautiful Kentucky artistocrat who is sold into slavery in New Orleans. *Literary Guild selection.* $3.95 at all bookstores. **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.**

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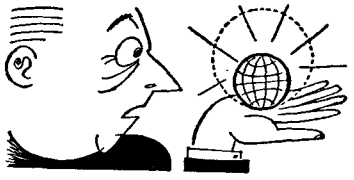
the book. I have seen this happen dozens of times and have seldom seen it not borne out by eventual high position and long continuance on the best-seller list. Of course, the best seller is made primarily by the author who writes it, and it couldn't exist without the public that reaches out eagerly for it. But there have been so many times when a fine book would never have achieved great success had it not been for a publisher who was mightily aroused by it and was determined that it should succeed. This is one reason publishing is still a very personal business.

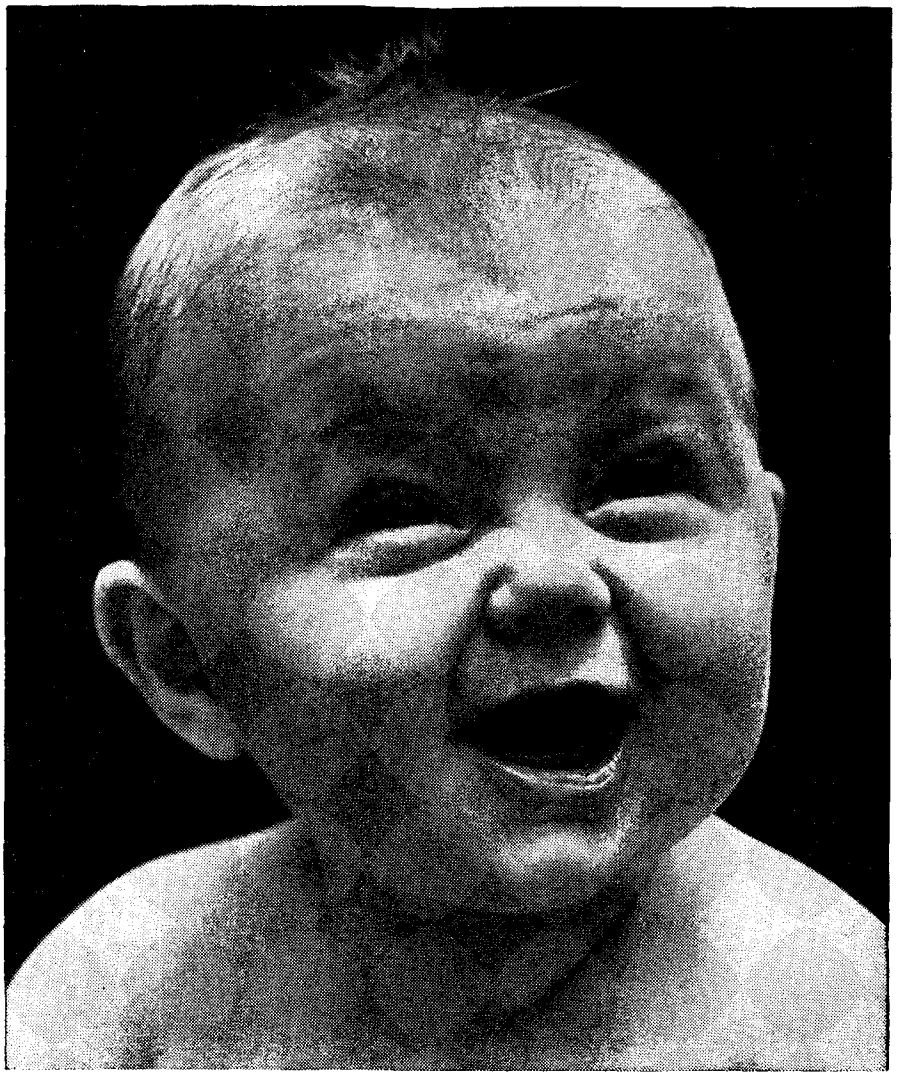
A WHILE BACK I WENT down to Philadelphia to attend part of the American Library Association convention. A good show, good workshop meetings, and an altogether convincing example of how constant is the librarians' wish to maintain the high standard of library practice. The high spot of the convention for me was a reception and supper party given at the Warwick Hotel by the Grolier Society and the Americana Corporation. The affair was in honor of a group of foreign librarians who have been visiting this country for some five months studying our library methods. These librarians had come from New Delhi and Rangoon, from Finland and Mexico, from Calcutta, from Guatemala and Manila, from Greece and The Hague, from Australia and Egypt. Most of them were flying home on the following Saturday and the ones who had come the farthest distance were going to reach their homes in some thirty flying hours from New York. In the just-around-the corner age of jet transports the time will be cut to less than half.

Further evidence of our shrinking world was to be had in any conversation with any one of them. One asked a librarian from Bombay what cataloging system was preferred out there. The answer: The Dewey Decimal System—just like in Joplin, Mis-



souri. One asked the gentleman from Burma what American authors are particularly popular in Rangoon these days. "Steinbeck," he said, "and Hemingway." Just like in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Kipling, how wrong you were! That twain keeps meeting all the time.—ALAN GREEN.

TRADE WINDS is being conducted by Alan Green while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.



"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"

"That's a funny one. You telling me what a great thing the telephone is. As if I didn't know!

"Why, I'm one of the main reasons we have telephones in our house. For you can bet your life I keep the folks pretty busy around here.

"Just think! If we didn't have a telephone, Grandma couldn't call up to ask if I had a tooth. And Daddy couldn't talk to us when he's out of town. We couldn't order things in a hurry from the stores. And Mother would be tied down just something awful.

"And suppose one of us suddenly took sick? Or there was a fire? Or a robber, maybe? Well, I don't worry about those things when I see the telephone.

"'Doesn't cost much either,' my Daddy says. And Mother says, 'I don't know what I'd do without it.'"

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It will not be too long before TV cameras will check the front door or a child's bedroom and "report" back to you on a living-room monitor. And in the future you may have a large-screen television set so flat it will hang on the wall like a picture.

Many more ideas like these—not only for homes, but for farms, industries and defense as well—are on the way from General Electric scientists and engineers. Our postwar investment in new research and development facilities, when completed, will reach 155 million dollars. And we will continue to invest in the future, because, as we see it, progress in "electrical living" has only just begun.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 27, 1955

THE MYTH OF SCIENCE FICTION

A teacher of engineers and a sculptor-student of symbols join this week to dissect the wide, wild cult of "SF." Siegfried Mandel is a member of the English Department of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn; Peter Fingesten is the author of a comparative study of world symbolism and art ("East Is East," Muhlenberg Press), and is also a noted sculptor with more than thirty exhibitions of his works here and abroad to his credit.

By SIEGFRIED MANDEL and PETER FINGESTEN

MODERN science fiction is a quest for a key to the universe. Inside the slick SF package is the desire to unlock the door of this world and escape into the beyond—where all is simple machines and clean space. To speed this wish SF has created a mythology which is a counterpart of the cults formed by primitive men who didn't know where the rain came from, or the wind, and who invented mysteries in order to dispel uncertainty. On the heels of mystery entered the elements also present in SF today: symbolism, ideology, codes, priests, salvation, doctrinal terminology, tradition, and prophecy. The heart of the form is a moody discontent with things as they are. It is magnified claustrophobia. Why are we earthbound, isolated, and shut off from the infiniteness of the universe? As Groff and Lucy Conklin have noted, science fiction "offers a welcome relief from the confinement of our noisy, cluttered, and often dull and wearisome everyday lives, and an escape from the restraints of complex civilization."

Like Westerns, SF plots consist of a range of invention inside a general form. Typical of the straightfaced narrative technique is the story which opens in this fashion: "Ord sat in his swivel chair and surveyed the solar system." Ord is a space-station sentinel manning his post 2,000 miles above earth where he eventually contracts "solitosis," an affliction which besets with hallucinations men stranded in a deserted universe. "Realism" of this sort is but a transference of everyday objects and situations onto a cosmic plane. Spacemen are, of course, afflicted only with psychological diseases, as super-medicine has made obsolete the other kind.

In another story a select group jets its way into space and after several galactic adventures reaches its destination in the far reaches of astral infinity, but is refused an immigration permit after being tagged as undesirable. The author has given himself here an opportunity to discuss liberal politics and theories of "group dynamics"—all very modern. In this "rejection" story we also have an indication of the feeling of inferiority of SF man toward superior beings in space, in contrast to his feeling of superiority toward fellow earthmen who do not belong at all in the circle of the elect.

There is no limitation to the gimmicks that are engineered by SF writers—from projections forward and backward in space-time to interstellar wars and "end of the world" stories—especially since they raid the encyclopedic sources of biology, anthropology, and astronomy. Still, the best SF writ-

---

"OUR EARTHLY BROTHERS, the expedition is ready! We will go to you in your need, and elevate you to Martian standards. We will wipe out all earth-made laws, and replace them by Martian codes; we will rule you for your own good. At last, our earthly brothers, you will rise above the barbarism that has engulfed you!" *Stanton A. Coblentz, "Missionaries from the Sky,"* Amazing Stories *(November 1930).*

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ers try not to let gimmicks dominate their characters; they make an attempt to understand objectively how the life of Future Man will have been affected by another 1,500 years of engineering. What will Love be in 3500 A.D.? Loyalty? Ambition? Patriotism?

Escape from confinement—from political, social, and personal reality—always has occupied man's mind. This explains the disinterested attitude toward women in science fiction, and the absence of pleasure-seeking *per se.* Discounting spurious space operettas and fringe melodramas, legitimate SF does not assign women to siren roles; there are no bosomy creatures to drive men to erotic distraction. They wait at home, like Penelope for Ulysses, and whatever they're doing there it's not heroic.

Three things account for this situation: the bleak sobriety with which science fiction—filled with admiration for Kinsey and Freud—approaches the wide subject of sex: the desire to get as far away as possible from Earth; and natural asceticism.

Woman represents one of the strongest—if most attractive—chains that bind man to contemporary life. As mothers, wives, or sweethearts women involve men in the kind of complexities from which the male in his wishful thinking would like to escape, escape to what the science-fiction cult believes to be the more significant reality. In the old mythologies Mother Earth and woman were synonymous. Men pass while the earth remains. Woman, like the earth, forms the fixed substrate of society. To break man's dependence on either woman or earth is not now feasible. After all, we are still earthmen—or *terrans,* in science-fiction terminology.

But in SF the attempt is made, however, to minimize his dependence socially, psychologically, and physically. SF has little overt sexuality; instead there is intellectualized feeling *à la* Plato, who declared that the highest type of friendship can exist only between men. This aspect of the cult contains an obvious element of latent homosexuality, dramatized in the emotionless and humorless relationship between the senior and the junior male characters in SF. Incorporated here is the dangerous—and unconquerable—delusion that "Greek love" was really little more than an agreeable companionship between man and boy; and that there is no reason why this simple relationship should not be transplanted independently into the future. In any case, by rejecting glandular sexuality the SFer feels that he rises saintlike above mundane distractions and achieves a scientific objectivity dominated by reason and intellect alone. This new man—a coldly ascetic and intellectual creature—is the man who will be ready physically and mentally to cope with the unpredictable, soulless, and nerve-shattering bleaknesses of outer space.

Readers of science fiction are most attracted to seriousness and intellectual "rigor" of this kind. In a survey of science-fiction readers, John W. Campbell, Jr., comes up with the following average profile: "Technically trained, philosophically inclined, imaginative man between twenty and thirty-five." This means that we are not dealing with a crackpot audience seeking relief in fantasy. What are they seeking? One finds that a common denominator is the wish for a world where the scientist not only blueprints and supervises the production of guns and butter and satellite space-stations, but also possesses the political power that determines their use. We are reminded of the moral conflicts in men like Oppenheimer, who seem to feel that the scientist is responsible for the use of his gadgets over and above the normal channels of political government. But how to make this "responsibility" effective in a constitutional state is a problem which eludes Dr. Oppenheimer as well as the SFer.

WHEN all is said and done, the SF cult carries forward an age-old tradition. Whenever and wherever man finds himself consciously alone with the universe he has resorted to "image making," peopling the earth and the heavens with creatures from the realm of his imagination. History has seen the rise and atrophy of mythologies from the time of the Sumerians to the Kremlinites. Today, with the new era of atomic science unlocking a vast realm of secrets, man again is asking himself the traditional questions about the universe. Old shapes in a new mythology are the answer.

In the old mythologies the creation of gods in the likeness of men was dominant. In the new mythology the stress has shifted away from an anthropomorphic image. The criterion is an abstract: Intelligence. After all, science fiction is in part an intellectual speculation of how techniques and apparatus can establish contact with outer space creatures—animal, mineral, or vegetable—that also possess intelligence, or how human intelligence can conquer the very inhospitable conditions of outer space. The old means of establishing contact with seen or unseen astral agents through rituals and magic has given way to visions of telegraphic and electronic communication. In primitive societies towering respect is given to the leader possessing magical powers. Why, ask science fictioneers, should not the

(*Continued on page* 24)

"HOW IN THE NAME of all the hells can anything live in intergalactic space?"

The voice, strained and unrecognizable, came through the communicator of Grosvenor's space suit as he stood with the others near the air lock. It seemed to him that the question made the little group of men crowd closer together. For him, the proximity of the others was not quite enough. He was too aware of the impalpable yet inconceivable night that coiled about them, pressing down to the very blazing portholes.

Almost for the first time since the voyage had begun the immensity of that darkness struck home to Grosvenor. He had looked at it so often from the ship that he had become indifferent. But now he was suddenly aware that man's farthest stellar frontiers were but a pin point in this blackness that reached billions of light-years in every direction. *A. E. Van Vogt, "The Voyage of the Space Beagle" (Simon and Schuster).*

"MANY, VERY MANY, say that because of Man's machines and his science he shall sink back into oblivion, die the death of a race. But do not his machines make more efficient his control of energy, enlarge his store limitlessly, enable him to mold the universe into a likeness of the Purpose that includes all things? There are differences, Hektor, differences that make men deny life for what it is. We are not as an amoeba, nor as a sea-worm, nor a flower. These vapor folk [certain outer-space creatures] are not as we. But, to my mind, the difference is a simple one. *All things differ in life.* We are more alive, far more alive than the bacillus or the worm. And these vapor creatures are more alive than we. Any race, any entity that is able to control the energy of the world about him, and unify, and move steadily toward the Purpose that lies behind everything, and who can do these more intelligently, more efficiently than we, *must be more alive than we.*" *P. Schuyler Miller, "Cleon of Yzdral,"* Amazing Stories *(July 1931).*

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FICTION

The Intellect vs. the Spirit

"The Genius and the Goddess," by Aldous Huxley *(Harper. 168 pp. $2.75), is the tenth and latest novel of one of the leading satirists of our times. Its publication provides an occasion for a review of his life and work.*

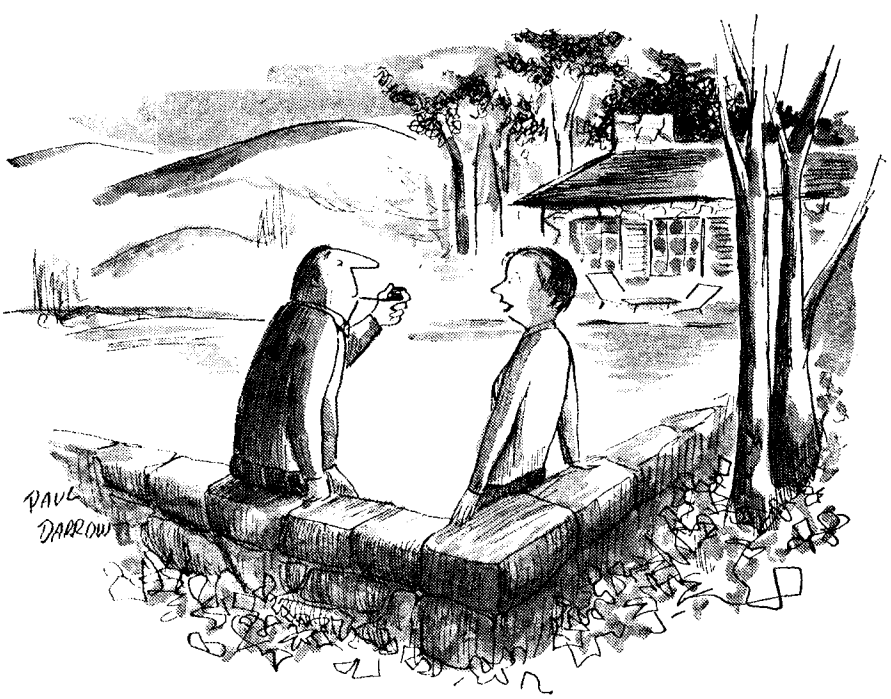
By Thomas E. Cooney

ALDOUS LEONARD HUXLEY has published ten novels in the last thirty-four years. Without exception, from "Crome Yellow" in 1921 to "The Genius and the Goddess" in 1955, these novels have been in some degree about intellectuals, and have been filled with their talk on the dizzily intersecting planes of esthetics, psychology, history, science, and mysticism. If Emerson's scholar is Man Thinking, then Huxley's intellectual has often seemed to be Man Talking. But despite their ceaseless clacking of tongues and ping-pong of ideas, these intellectuals have also acted out the amusing and terrifying fables of Huxleys' satirical invention, and have thus traced the journey of a brilliant critical intellect through the jungle of twentieth-century life toward his declared goal of "individual psychological freedom."

That Huxley is both profoundly well informed about the physical universe and profoundly worried about man's disposition of his soul hardly comes as a surprise when you examine his genealogy. Born in Godalming, Surrey, in 1894, he had for his paternal grandfather Thomas Henry Huxley, biologist, popularizer of science, and ferociously articulate defender of Darwin's "Origin of Species," while his maternal grandfather was Thomas Arnold, the great practical moralist and headmaster of Rugby, and his great-uncle was Matthew Arnold, who was not at all optimistic about man's ability to survive the products of his own intelligence. Growing up in the confluence of two such streams of intellectual tradition, it was natural that Huxley should go to Eton in 1908 on a scholarship, and that he should specialize in biology and look forward to the study of medicine. While he was at Eton he experienced what he calls the most important single event of his life: affliction by keratitis, which almost totally blinded him for two years, wrecked his medical ambitions, and left him with lifelong eye trouble. As it has with so many modern writers, however, physical disability proved to be a blessing by isolating him as an adolescent, forcing him to rely on his own resources, and driving him into the position of detached observer. It was also providentially kind, as he wryly observes, in preventing him from becoming a "complete English Public School Gentleman."

When he was eighteen and still blind he wrote a complete novel, by touch on a typewriter, but never had a chance to read it because it was lost before he regained his sight. With the help of tutors and partially restored vision he was able to go to Oxford, where he read English literature and philology at Balliol, taking his B.A. in 1916. During the First World War he worked successively as a woodcutter, bureaucrat, and teacher, and in 1919 he married Maria Nys, a Belgian refugee. From this time until he and his wife and son Matthew moved to Italy in 1923, Huxley worked as an essayist, drama, art and music critic, and editor for such publications as the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Athenaeum*, whose chief editor then was John Middleton Murry.

Although he started in these years the production of poems, essays, and historical vignettes that has continued throughout his literary career, it was as a satirical novelist that he first caught the fancy of the public in the Twenties and Thirties. A satirist is, of course, always driven by moral indignation. It was not clear, however, what the source of this indignation was in "Crome Yellow" (1921), in which the young poet Denis Stone pushes ineffectually against the walls of his sexual inhibitions while on holiday at an English country house inhabited by the usual quota of garrulous eccentrics and night-crawling daughters. It became a little clearer in "Antic Hay" (1923) when the hero partially succeeded where Denis had failed, by inventing "Gumbril's Patent Small-clothes" (inflatable underwear for comfort on church, school, and subway benches), quitting as schoolmaster, and growing a beard. It was much clearer in "Those Barren Leaves" (1925), wherein young Calamy, having conquered *his* repressions and having enjoyed a career as Don Juan, piously rusticates on an Italian mountain in order to explore the "inward universe" to which his attention has been directed by the



"You have a house in Connecticut, a sports car, and you're a book-club selection—why switch to poetry?"

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THE NEW HUXLEY: "The Genius and the Goddess" is Aldous Huxley's first novel with an all-American cast. So thoroughly has the author absorbed American folkways that he has his hero, the scientist John Rivers, narrate the story while baby-sitting with his two-year-old grandson. Even more ironically appropriate to America is the fact that the genius of the title is of the kind in which we have specialized: an atomic physicist.

For an American to be an atomic physicist is no irony in itself, of course; the irony lies in the fact that Henry Maartens, who was Rivers's preceptor, and an intimate of men like Planck and Einstein, was also a spoiled child emotionally. He is thus an individual analogy of America as it appears in its worst moments: superb technical ability superimposed on an immature sense of values. For in spite of his magnificent intellect poor Henry was almost totally unable to find a way to live peacefully with his unresolved animal fears. He was therefore outrageously dependent on the Goddess who was his wife—the young, serenely beautiful Katy.

John Rivers's long Christmas Eve monologue describes his own entrance in 1924 at the age of twenty-eight into this household, where he was student, errand boy, boarder, nurse to the children, and, inevitably, lover to Katy. He tells how he lives in a household dedicated to the care and feeding of his intellect, as if it were an independent being. He also tells how his affair with Katy arose out of this situation, and how, with relentlessly obvious causality, it destroyed the Maartens family.

"The Genius and the Goddess" is not a major Huxley work. Its story is rather slight, it is too short to satisfy the reader completely, it lacks the characteristic Huxley satiric bite. But it is, nevertheless, good Huxley: written with characteristically marvelous eloquence and richness and dealing in highly cerebral fashion with his favorite theme of conflict between human intellect and human spirit.

—T. E. C.

loquacious older men who always seem to form the chorus in Huxley's novels. But with "Point Counterpoint" (1928) both the source of Huxley's indignation and its lacerating fury come into the light of day. In all the vast fugal shuttling of its plots, personalities, and conversations only one character seems to emerge who is not a hypocrite: Mark Rampion, who is dedicated, like his protoype, Huxley's friend D. H. Lawrence, to telling people to be their natural selves, to break out of the prison of the civilized ego. And this is the problem to which Huxley addresses himself in all of his novels.

IN AN autobiographical note he shows how his eye trouble has led him to a clearer view of the solution to this problem. His accidental discovery in 1938 of the eye-training methods of the late Dr. W. H. Bates of New York helped him to regain more of his sight and gave him a measure of freedom from the tyranny of glasses. It also brought him to a land fertile in subjects for satire, for shortly after he began the eye-treatment he describes in "The Art of Seeing" he became a permanent resident of Southern California, where the Bates method was well established. But more important, by demonstrating in a special case the technique of achieving mastery over circumstances, the Bates method reinforced his long-held belief in those arts "of obtaining freedom from the fundamental disability of egotism" that were taught by Buddha, Jesus, Laotse, and the mystics of all ages and countries. It is significant that while "Brave New World" (1932) and "Eyeless in Gaza" (1936) continued to state the problem with growing despair and loathing, his next two novels after 1938 increasingly insisted that mysticism was the cure, and that even the most squalid spirit-knocking had some connection with the great mystic tradition which he celebrated in "The Perennial Philosophy." In the first of these, "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan" (1939), he maintains that there are three levels of existence: animal, human, and eternal. Of these only the human level, because it is dominated by imagination, language, and the sense of time, provides the possibility of evil. And since a human being cannot regress to the animal level, the only solution is to annihilate time and craving. Mr. Propter, the loquacious Socrates of *this* novel, insists that the proper way to do this is Buddha's way. But old Mr. Stoyte, an egomaniacal Southern California industrialist, tries to annihilate time by underwriting private researches into physical longevity. His minions get wind of an eighteenth-century English earl who seems to have solved the problem and then in a burst of the old caustic Huxley of "Brave New World," we are treated to the sight of the Fifth Earl of Gonister, aged 201, now only a gibbering super-anthropoid in a cage in the cellar of his country seat. Man, proud man, is only a fetal ape after all! "Time Must Have a Stop" (1944) was for most Huxley devotees a disappointing excursion into spiritualism, for after Eustace Barnack dies and tries to communicate with the living, the familiar comedy and lucid conversation dissolve in an annoying stream of unconsciousness.

Between "Time Must Have a Stop" and "Ape and Essence" (1948) came the Atom Bomb, and although he had turned out one horrifying version of the future in "Brave New World," Huxley had neglected to prophesy the effects of nuclear fission on the Angry Ape who had insisted on meddling with the tensions that hold the universe together. In "Ape and Essence," therefore, when a post-Armageddon scientific expedition from untouched New Zealand lands on the blasted shore of Southern California, they find that radiation has reduced human beings to seasonal sexuality, the worship of Belial, and such miserable conditions of life that they rob graves for clothes and use the books in the Los Angeles Public Library for fuel.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 635

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 635 will be found in the next issue.

LGLABMCFL DECPCMO

CK HLACHCRZ SBCAQPO

DRH ZLMMCRZ

KXTLEXHO LPKL MX

HX MYL VXNQ.

W. Z. JXPPDNH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 634

Shakespeare was a dramatist of note; he lived by writing things to quote.

—H. C. BUNNER.

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This savage little novel is really a kind of postscript to "Brave New World."

For in spite of the insistence of most critics that "Point Counterpoint" is his best novel, it is as the sardonic prophet of "Brave New World" that he has had the greatest impact on the general public. In 1932 that novel could be dismissed by the unwary as a delightful jape, perhaps even as mere science-fiction; but in this day of helicopters, standardized amusements, standardized sex, standardized opinions, and the frantic standardized production and destruction of consumer goods, we can see that the fetus of Brave New World is straining to be born. There is today even a counterpart to the island on which the discontented intellectuals Bernard Marx and Helmholtz Watson were isolated: we read of the Soviet Siberian prison community of Vorkuta, where hundreds of political unreliables have been transported, and where they enjoy complete freedom of thought and discussion within the bounds of their prison.

WHERE does "The Genius and the Goddess" stand in the stream of Huxley's work? In that part which is devoted to diagnosing man's slavery to his ego, or in that part which tries, rather coldly and unappealingly, to show him how to subdue that ego for his soul's good? Apparently Huxley is back at diagnosis again, but not with the old vigor. One can easily imagine the whole story of Henry Maartens, with his brilliant facade of intellect and his craven dependent psyche, woven into the fabric of "Point Counterpoint" or "Eyeless in Gaza." And one can also see Maartens as a microcosm of Huxley's whole criticism of man: the intellect dutifully assisting the ego in its idiot efforts to kill the soul.

Whenever Huxley has suffered at the hands of critics it has been because they decry his insistence on making his characters talk out and act out his ideas; realism and esthetic unity are thereby doomed, they say. But Huxley has clearly committed himself to the novel of ideas, convinced that the literary species is most viable in the bracing climate of satire. He has demonstrated that beauty can be found not only in harmony of form, but in the relevency of ideas to man's eternal struggle with himself. Like his brother satirists of the eighteenth century, he is notable more for valor in the war of ideas than for ability to depict human personality. After all, Voltaire too was a destructive critic, a humorist, and even something of a science-fiction writer.

P. H. Newby--"laughter and learning."

Laughter in Egypt

"The Picnic at Sakkara," by P. H. Newby *(Alfred A. Knopf. 239 pp. Paperbound, $1.25), is a kind of comic "Passage to Egypt," a satire on Englishmen trying to bear the white man's burden on the Nile.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

BERNARD SHAW'S statement that you should look for the serious point when you laugh applies admirably to P. H. Newby's "The Picnic at Sakkara." Unless you are one of those austere dullards who believe all minorities and subjected people must be treated as heroes or one of those malign fools who think anyone who bears the white man's burden is as noble as Galahad. Mr. Newby's newest and best novel will make you laugh and think. "The Picnic at Sakkara" is delightful farce and wisdom about the subjected and the subjectors. As the unusually apt blurb suggests, it is a comic "Passage to Egypt" that proves laughter and learning are compatible. Indeed, in its way, it is as good as E. M. Forster's classic about India.

Mr. Perry, the heroic-and-unheroic protagonist, comes to Cairo University with all the seriousness of General Gordon and Don Quixote. He teaches George Eliot and Shakespeare to the students who want to drive the English rascals out, prepares a report on their sordid living conditions he naively expects to be acted upon, momentarily and unwittingly becomes a hero and the cause of a riot, spends some time in jail, becomes the idol of the Moslem Brotherhood for a while, is almost assassinated by a student who likes him and therefore doesn't try too hard, finally retires in good order.

A NEARSIGHTED, likable do-gooder, Perry never knows the score. Though he means better and tries harder than his department head "who was trying to lead the life of a well-to-do Egyptian of a hundred years ago," or Mrs. Curtis, who prided herself on learning no Arabic in twenty years in Egypt, he in his naive goodwill is about as effective as Don Quixote with the windmills. Equally amusing are the Pasha, the Dean (who was rumored to have read no books since he got his Ph.D.), and a good many others. The feminist wife of the Pasha, who is delighted with Mrs. Perry's presumed rejection of the double standard, and the omnipresent Muawiya, the one who likes Perry too much to fulfil his duty to assassinate him, are amusing too but they know Egyptian reality better and are wiser.

The serious point behind the laughter is not dissimilar to the one Forster made about British imperialism. Studiously imposed feelings of inferiority, sensibility, and a sense of the fun in living have made most Egyptians lovable, pompous, and ineffective. One of them says, "No? It is too much to believe, a sane man in Egypt," and though he's not quite right (as Mr. Newby's story shows), most of the English and Egyptians would agree with him. Insensitivity and ignorance have made even the well-intentioned English either fools or benevolent despots. And this predicament of men who are at the same time political animals and human beings is not confined to Egyptian-English relations in our world of muddle.

It is good that Knopf has made the first edition of this novel available as a low-priced paperback. It may make Mr. Newby, who has been more widely praised than bought, as popular as he ought to be. In such novels as "A Journey to the Interior" and "The Retreat," intermittently in the novels between, he shows that he deserves an income as well as good reviews. If the Knopf experiment succeeds he will have a chance to become as good and as widely known as Joyce Cary, Evelyn Waugh, and Aldous Huxley, to name three of the too few Englishmen Americans buy, praise, and read.

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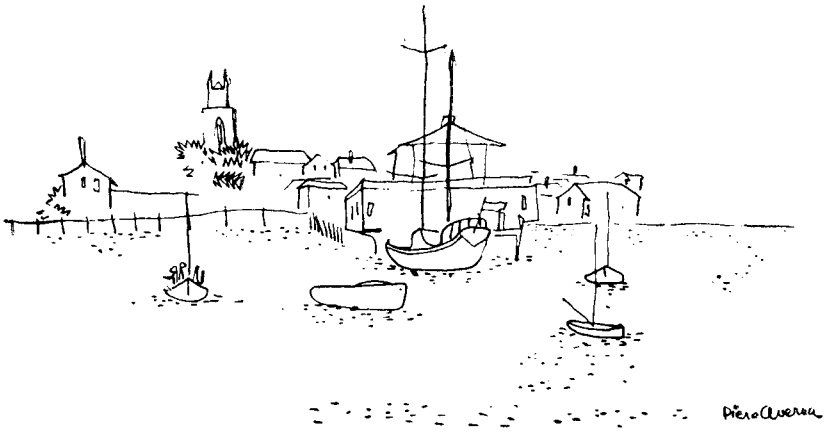

". . . unfading memory of steadfastness and beauty."

A Summer's Impact

***"Bell's Landing," by Gerald Warner Brace** (W. W. Norton. 333 pp. $3.75), is the story of an old house on Cape Ann and the enduring impression it made on two brothers.*

By Walter Havighurst

BELL'S LANDING was a big old-fashioned house with windows looking past Gloucester entrance and up the long coast of Cape Ann. It was also a family tradition and a pattern of life that have vanished from the twentieth century. In his nostalgic and echoing novel "Bell's Landing," Gerald Warner Brace mingles the past and present of New England with affection, skill, and understanding.

Will Redfern came to Bell's Landing at a crucial season in his boyhood. The present had killed his father—the older Redfern was a victim of the financial crash of 1929—but the past was there as a refuge for young Will and his brother. That Arcadian summer left a lasting mark upon them both. Years later it became the subject of Harold Redfern's long symbolic poem "North Shore"; for the more direct Will it was an unfading memory of steadfastness and beauty.

After that boyhood summer the two brothers followed separate courses. Harold became an intellectual, a poet and critic and the center of an admiring Harvard seminar. Will worked with his hands, and for a while that was enough. But in an automobile repair shop he met old Pop Sardis, a Greek car-washer who read Darwin and Mill and reflected on modern man, his power and his violence. When Will met the warmhearted Greek family he fell in love with the old man's granddaughter.

An Arcadian quality runs through all the chapters of this fine reflective novel. Will Redfern is always aware of the moods of nature—the surf-washed curve of beach at Bell's Landing, the country above Holyoke where the land fell into long hazy slopes to the valley of the Connecticut, the hurricane lashing the Gloucester coast. He likes the feel of tools and the texture of wood and metal. And he finds in Sally Anthonakis a mystery and candor like that of nature. In contrast to Will's natural world is his brother's world of abstract pursuits. Sally's musical scholarship and her marriage to a revolutionary poet bring that world closer to Will Redfern. Past and present, books and nature, ideas and action all contribute to this novel's texture.

Mr. Brace is a traditionalist, with respect for traditional virtues and knowledge of the values that grow from them. Here he has something to say about an all but forgotten virtue, self-control. It is his distant cousin Betsy, a brisk, bright, and altogether wonderful girl, who puts it into words. She is as modern as this morning and considerably freer than the poets in Harold Redfern's seminar, but she could be at home in Bell's Landing. "You have to subdue yourself for the sake of a good result." She says it lightly but she means it, and Mr. Brace means it too. Though his novel lacks tension in its early chapters—why couldn't Betsy come in sooner?—it becomes a memorable story of a man in search of wholeness and integrity.

Notes

VARIETY PACKAGE: Wilbur Daniel Steele, who shares with O. Henry both a birthplace (Greensboro, N. C.) and an interest in plot, comes up with a large old-fashioned novel about a youth who looks for gold and finds something else. **"The Way to the Gold"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is rife with cutthroats, desperadoes, and hidden loot—yet it has about it an air of happy innocence that belongs to another day.

Just when it seems that historical novelists have run out of unfamiliar territory, an intrepid forager spades up another corner of *terra incognita*. The latest bit of obscurity to be illuminated is the foray into Nicaragua of Colonel Walker and his freebooters, back in 1855. Darwin Teilhet tells of Walker's attempt to fulfil our "manifest destiny" in **"The Lion's Skin"** (Sloane, $3.95)—a well-documented adventure story involving a young Yankee prospector, inadvertently sucked into the Central American intrigue.

"Taurum," a gimmick dreamed up by Alfred Toombs, is a kind of gilt-edged guano that can make an African violet writhe like a boa constrictor. There is plenty of Taurum as well as taurus in Mr. Toombs's **"Good as Gold"** (Crowell, $3.50), a satire on national politics. But the author lets his lampoon get so outlandish that it removes itself quite a distance from both wit and reality.

Life is certainly peculiar on the U.S.S. *Nelly Crocker*, a Navy transport to which Lonnie Coleman attaches a barnacles' nest of ten short stories. When the members of Mr. Coleman's **"Ship's Company"** (Little, Brown, $3.50) are not sulking or throwing tantrums they are weeping hot, scalding tears over such matters as having to go home to ma, losing a hat in the water, or being generally adrift in a sea of loneliness.

Steve Fisher, whose last novel debunked giveaway television shows, now clobbers the used-car dodge in **"Take All You Can Get"** (Random House, $3.50). The ups-and-downs of "Laughing Mike, The No Down Payment Man" are sometimes edifying, but too much like the affairs of a hot-blooded private eye to be taken very seriously.

A Kentucky drygoods store during the first half of the century is the focus of Sarah Litsey's **"The Intimate Illusion"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75). The Revingtons of Bloomtown play at being merchant princes until their dignified operation goes under after a soap operaful of misery.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

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GERMANY

East and West: The Raw Edge

"City Divided: Berlin 1955," by Ewan Butler *(Frederick A. Praeger. 185 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Explosion: The Uprising Behind the Iron Curtain," by Rainer Hildebrandt*** *(Little, Brown. 198 pp. $3.75), tell the story of the most important German city and the episode that occurred there two years ago that threatened the Communist tyranny. They are reviewed here by Professor Walter L. Dorn of Ohio State University, who served with the U. S. Military Government in Germany after World War II.*

By Walter L. Dorn

BOMBED as no other city during the war, Berlin, since 1945, has been serving a prison sentence of indefinite duration. The peoples of Western Europe, like many West Germans themselves, are sometimes inclined to forget the anomalous and precarious existence of West Berlin as an island in a Communist sea, where any serious mistake or any sign of weakness either on the part of the Western Occupying Powers or West Berliners themselves could lead to disaster. An occasional Bavarian might still feel inclined to write off Berlin as a total loss, but it is still by far the largest (c. 3,350,000) and in some ways the most important city of Germany.

When a seasoned and observant reporter like Ewan Butler, who struck this reviewer, when he encountered him a few years back, as knowing Berlin like an open page, reports on contemporary Berlin the result is bound to be sprightly and informative. There is scarcely a phase of the life of Berlin, whether it be politics or business, the press or the theatre, its iconography or its police systems, which is not covered in the pithy chapters of his book "City Divided: Berlin 1955." But above all Butler's book is a study in contrasts between the two cities where Europe and Asia meet between the beleaguered West Berlin, latterly become a fighting outpost of freedom, and East Berlin, the capital of the Communist Democratic Republic, the scene of a perpetual political and economic *petite guerre* of transportation impediments, undercover police agents, and kidnapings.

If West Berlin today is no longer the monumental mass of ruins it was in 1945, this is due largely to American and West German subsidies but above all to the determination, hard work, and confidence of its inhabitants in the face of circumstances more daunting than West Germany had to face. Though still a financial liability to the Federal Republic, West Berlin is rapidly becoming a thriving and self-sustaining community, whereas in East Berlin, long the milch-cow for its Russian masters, business remains stagnant and food-rationing is still enforced. So nervous of espionage is the Communist Government of the East that it has not ventured to issue a new telephone directory within the past six years. Here a Western visitor to its selected factories will hear much of work "norms" and "plans," but he will never learn the truth about production statistics.

Since the virtual suppression of the federal system by the law of July 23, 1952, the whole legal basis on which the Eastern Democratic Republic stands has become so problematical, the suppression of all public opinion in East Berlin is so complete, and the impotence of the legislative branch so utter, that the political importance of the capital appears to be negligible. Perhaps the most illuminating commentary on its politics is to indicate what happened to the previous People's Chamber. Out of its 400 members no fewer than eight were arrested by the Soviet Police, seventeen fled to the West, and forty-four were expelled from the Chamber for "deviationism." Hence in the 1954 elections a hundred "reserve candidates" were elected to stand, as it were, "on the sidelines like the players in an American football game, ready to dash into the fray as the contestants succumb to the numerous hazards that beset the politician in Eastern Germany." The whole conception of free elections in East Berlin is so completely different from that of the West that no attempt at present to hold such elections, so concludes Mr. Butler, could be successful.

—*Loring in* The Providence Bulletin.

"Not in the Script."

BUTLER'S volume provides a useful backdrop for the more dramatic story of the uprisings of June 17, 1953, in the Soviet zone, one of the memorable events of postwar history, as told in Rainer Hildebrandt's "The Explosion." Nothing has been more damaging to Communist prestige than this spontaneous, open, and large-scale rebellion of industrial workers in every city and town of the Soviet zone against the dictatorship of the proletariat. Like a flash of lightning across the Iron Curtain, these gallant and effective demonstrations laid bare the fact that the Communist politicians were kept in power solely by Russian troops and the Communist People's Police. *Pravda,* to be sure, laid them to the door of American provocateurs and agents. But since that date the elder statesmen of German Communism have made humble apologies and tardy amends; they have publicly admitted that they had been too reckless and too ruthless in forcing East German economy into line with the five-year plans of the Soviet Union and too doctrinaire in the handling of workers by police methods. The psychological warfare of RIAS, the radio station in the American sector of Berlin, did no more than exploit a crisis created by the Communists themselves—and, according to Hildebrandt, it did not do this as effectively as it might have done.

Hildebrandt, long a familiar figure in the offices of RIAS for his broadcasts to the Soviet zone on missing persons and concentration camp inmates, bases his book on interviews with literally hundreds of participants who escaped to West Berlin after June 17, 1953. We may, therefore, accept his book as the first accurate account of what happened. The pattern of the revolt in both cities was much the same. Beginning as strikes against the new production "norms" or against political arrests, there were demonstrations supported by thousands of sympathizers, and as soon as the crowds sensed their power they demanded the resignation of the Grotewohl-Ulbricht Government and free

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and secret elections. In both cities there was a decision to declare a general strike before the Russians arrived to proclaim martial law.

But it is on Gerald Wagner and on what happened in the office of the American radio station, RIAS, during the night of June 16 that Hildebrandt displays his most skilful and subtle craftsmanship. The difficulty began when four construction workers from the Stalin Allee arrived with the demand that RIAS call a general strike. The American director of RIAS, Gordon Ewing, replied that it was contrary to United States policy in a German uprising to issue any call to action and that he could not extend the facilities of the station to the workers for the purpose of calling a general strike. He even forbade the use of the term general strike in RIAS broadcasts. In the end Mr. Ewing, taking fate into his own hands, permitted Wagner to say in his broadcast:

> And then there was issued a watchword that went beyond yesterday: "Tomorrow we march again! Tomorrow we'll meet at the Straussberger Ptatz" In many plants the walkout has already begun.

HAVING said this much, it is difficult to understand the squeamishness which led to the suppression of the report on the call for a general strike. Yet, what was tragic in this situation was not that the report on the call for a general strike was not broadcast, but that the West could do so little to exploit this first largescale revolt in a Soviet satellite. It provided a shattering demonstration of the practical impossibility of carrying Secretary of State Dulles's policy of liberation beyond the stage of talk. Beyond that, surely, no other action—and that means military action—was possible short of risking immediate war. RIAS could proclaim our refusal to accept the enslavement of the peoples of Eastern Europe, but we have made it abundantly clear that our armed forces will not be the first to cross the line of the Iron Curtain. For the rest, many readers will accept Hildebrandt's sublime confidence that a general strike, in the presence of twenty-one Russian divisions, would have brought victory with a dose of skepticism. A totalitarian system can shift, revise, or modify its policy overnight, or it can retreat. Ulbricht did in fact retreat. But there is one thing it cannot do, and that is to divest itself of its totalitarian character or abandon the instruments of power on which it rests. The very structure of the system demands that all the concessions, easements, and policy changes which have been wrung from it must sometime be revoked.

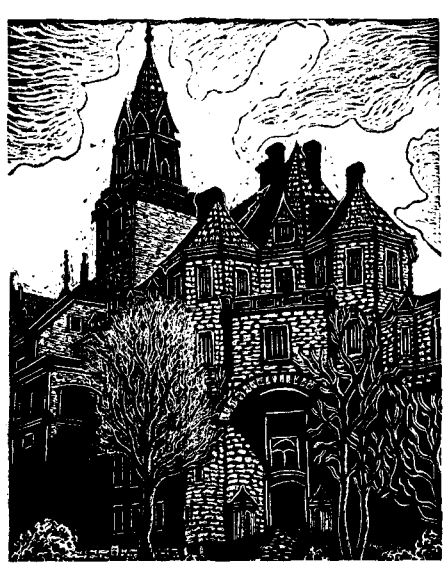
Princely Yarns

"After the Flood," by Prince Constantine of Bavaria *(translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. J. B. Lippincott. 324 pp. $3.50), is a collection of fabulous tales of Germany at the time of the Nazi Götterdämerung. Here it is reviewed by Doris Peel, author of "The Inward Journey," a report on her observations on postwar Germany.*

By Doris Peel

DURING the Nazi regime, the Wittelsbach family—the Royal House of Bavaria—honorably incurred the hostility of Adolf Hitler. At the same time it retained the affectionate loyalty of many a Bavarian. In a country where affection, as distinguished from frenetic allegiance, is charily granted to public figures, this is a fact of some interest; but "After the Flood," the new book by Prince Constantine of Bavaria, is hardly calculated to explain it.

Prince Constantine, a junior member of the family, starts off soberly enough. Through the devastated Germany of the spring of 1945 he is returning to his home, the fabulous Schloss Nymphenburg, after being imprisoned as a hostage by the Third Reich. Certain to-be-expected notes are struck. The Prince's concept of himself as a man of sensibility—sophisticated, ironic, humane, and so on—is established at the outset. He is suitably moved by the spectacle of a starving compatriot grotesquely offering herself to truckloads of howling GIs; he is suitably outraged by Dachau. And, to clinch matters, there is the familiar sideswipe at those other Germans. "The solid citizens of Moorsburg, seated on their plush sofas in their innermost rooms, would willingly have stuffed their ears with their lace antimacassars against the noises from without." (The inhumanity is what he is objecting to, of course; not the antimacassars.)



—*E. W. Bartlett.*

". . . highfalutin riff-raff, bizarre rogues."

It's all done very urbanely, and one quite gets the point. Our Prince is a decent and likable fellow. Which is, alas, rather more than can be said for almost everybody else in the book. For the opening scene—implying a serious appraisal of a broken world—turns out to be no more than a piece of good manners, like tendering sympathy to a hostess with a bad headache before plunging into her party. After a spate of references to Noah, the Ark, and the receding of the waters Constantine frankly relaxes on the job. "Then and there," he writes, after an encounter with one of his ex-prison guards, "I determined to collect such stories, to become a beachcomber among the debris of the flood, a dilettante among the wreckage, as in other periods of history men have collected Chinese White or butterflies from the jungles of the Orinoco." Such a collection, he trusts, will "at least supplement the reports of the statisticians and the minutes of the many conferences."

WELL, a good storyteller is always welcome, of course. And the Prince can tell a story. Moreover, he indisputably has good ones to tell, full of highfalutin riff-raff and bizarre rogues and hapless victims-of-fate who go down like ninepins. There is one description of an astounding ball in Berlin on the night of the first bombing of the capital, with a satanic host beside whom Nero would appear an inept novice, which might have a certain documentary value if only one could be sure what is literal truth and what is princely fabrication. For Constantine turns off this sort of thing with so glib a mingling of fact, hearsay, and palpable assumption that he must easily rank among the least reliable of reporters.

And without wishing to be fussy, one can't help being bothered by something else. These subjects of his tales aren't Chinese White or butterflies from the Orinoco. They aren't just meat for a talented raconteur. They are human beings. And neither irony nor urbanity can absolve the author from a curious lack of mature sensitivity to the fact.

Prince Constantine, one learns from the jacket of his book, is editor of the illustrated magazine *Revue*, one of Europe's largest periodicals.

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FINE ARTS

—From the book.

"The Lascaux murals . . . are the most overwhelming of prehistoric paintings."

Prehistory in Image

"Lascaux, Or the Birth of Art," by Georges Bataille *(translated by Austryn Wainhouse. Skira. 149 pp. 68 plates. $16.50), is an album of and commentary on the prehistoric cave paintings in southern France that have greatly illuminated our knowledge of the evolution of art. Our reviewer is Robert Goldwater of Queens College.*

By Robert Goldwater

IN SEPTEMBER 1940 four boys from the town of Montignac, France, exploring a hole left by an uprooted tree came upon what, since 1945 when their findings could be published to the world, has become the best known of all prehistoric sites. Somehow it seemed correct that once again, as sixty years before at Altamira, which produced the first revelation of prehistoric painting, the find should have been made by children. This time, to be sure, adult vision, long since educated to a freshness and directness it could not admit at the end of the nineteenth century, and familiar with its subject, needed no convincing by childish clairvoyance. Yet in the popular mind there is still a connection between the art of children and that of prehistoric man.

The Lascaux murals, in their concentrated volume and brilliant preservation, are the most overwhelming of prehistoric paintings. As such they have fortified our understanding of the art of the "Reindeer Age." But fascinating as they are in themselves —and no one who has seen them is likely to underestimate their power and beauty—they have not altered our knowledge in any fundamental fashion. Indeed, their very impressiveness comes in part from the fact that they reinforce a vision which the evolution of modern art, in part under the prompting of this very kind of painting, has inclined us to accept and receive. To find united so many and such fine examples of what had been known in bits and pieces joined the pleasure of recognition to the recognition of grandeur.

Besides, archeologically the Lascaux site is in a not unexpected situation. The valley of the Vézère (to the east of Perigueux) is a region long known to have been inhabited by prehistoric man. In it were many famous dwelling spots where the progression of man's artifacts should be observed, and others, such as Font de Gaume, Laugerie Basse, Les Combarelles, where some paintings have been preserved. Lascaux is somewhat removed, but it is in the same general region.

The pictures and text of Georges Bataille's "Lascaux, Or the Birth of Art," like those in most of the volumes of Skira's Great Centuries of Painting Series, are of equal importance in the presentation of this "chapel" of prehistoric art. M. Bataille's rather broken-up text is essentially in two parts: a description of the cave and its decorations, very much like a very learned guided tour, and his evocation of the psychological setting of these works, what called them forth, and what they still mean to us today.

Descriptively both text and illustrations are most faithful in the details. The brilliant colors of the paintings are hardly exaggerated in the pictures, their texture can be seen, and the author carefully calls our attention to the variations in style, the overlays, and the different techniques employed. He knows how to make us look at everything, and the illustrations bear out his enthusiasm. But the wide-angle shots of the ensemble of the cave cannot do it justice, cannot give the sense of claustrophobic enclosure, of being surrounded on all sides by powerful images. Nor does the metaphor of the chapel suggest how different the continuously curved surface of the rock is from any constructed walls and ceiling. The effect still felt today must have been greatly enhanced when the stream that ran through it had not performed its millennial work of erosion, and the whole was probably so low that nowhere could one stand upright.

FOR Georges Bataille, Lascaux represents not only the birth of art, but the birth of man; indeed in his eyes the two are synonymous. He refers to the immediate purposes of sym-

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pathetic magic in the service of the hunt, for which these pictures (like those elsewhere) were carried out. But he finds their real significance—and this is the theme of his text—in their documentation of man's self-consciousness, his recognition of his own essential qualities, and his differences from the animals he so magnificently depicts. The beasts are everywhere, naturalistically portrayed; man is rare, and is usually shown disguised and highly stylized. Here is revealed a self-consciousness that betrays a growing humanity. Thus the author finds the history of man—as man—suddenly pushed back from the "noon" of Greece to the "early dawn" of Lascaux. This is an interesting if somewhat speculative thesis, and the author develops it with eloquence. It would have been well if it had been buttressed by a discussion of some of the more tangible problems concerning this art: the reasons for its naturalism and why it disappeared, only to be reconquered in such hard fashion at a later date; just how the Lascaux cave was used, whether by the priestly caste alone or by the whole tribe; how long it was used and the time span and evolution the overlays imply. The Abbé Breuil and the other authorities the author generously mentions as his scientific support (with the important omission of Burkitt) could have been put to good use here.

Translation being the ungrateful task it is, it seems unkind to mention that this one might, in spots, be improved. When such sentences as "This unique message gives us strongly to pause" are scattered through an otherwise readable text one can only wish that the publisher, by having more monetary respect for his translator, had given him a chance to do a better job.

August Moon

By Gerhard Friedrich

ACROSS the hill and by the cedared brook
The crickets chirp their midnight serenade.
Earth, like a poem in a precious book,
Is finely woven out of light and shade.

All things have lost their weight, and rest and dream,
And while they dream, they smile mysteriously.
And higher climbs the moon above the stream,
The rounded symbol of eternity.

Monastic Art

"The Canterbury School of Illumination, 1066-1200," by C. R. Dodwell *(Cambridge University Press. 140 pp. with 274 photographs on 73 plates. $15), is a revealing scholarly study of the product of a major British monastic art center. It is reviewed below by Harry Bober, associate professor at the Institute of Fine Arts, NYU.*

By Harry Bober

WITH C. R. Dodwell's study of the illumination at Canterbury, from the Conquest until about 1200, we are at last in a position to advance from superficial judgment to well-balanced perspective in appraising this major school of British monastic art. His new book is a model of thorough scholarship and clarity of presentation. In it is brought together every significant item of historical and artistic evidence, coordinated with important original paleographical data; the whole intelligently oriented to Continental and insular centers. Nor is the author's style cramped by the overwhelming inhibitions which the unwieldy behind-the-scenes apparatus of cautious scholarship might be almost expected to produce. Dodwell's warmth for his subject never abandons him and his pace develops in sympathetic response to the history for he is always sensitive to the essence of the styles. The plates include hundreds of illustrations which afford particular pleasure as well as an unusual degree of enlightenment. They are reproduced from clear and sharp photographs; the discriminating choice of details and comparative material communicates a sense of the devoted intensity with which he has followed the problems.

Dr. Dodwell has been able to distinguish the character of each of Canterbury's two centers, Christ Church and St. Augustine's, assigning and dating some seventy-five manuscripts to the former, and forty to the latter during the period from about 1050 to 1200. Forming a leit-motif through the history, and nicely accenting each of the three main phases, are the successive copies of the famous Utrecht Psalter which were made in Canterbury. In the first of these, the Harley Psalter, the derivation of pre-Conquest Anglo-Saxon "impressionistic" style from its Carolingian model is demonstrable. Yet even here English preoccupation with "pattern" begins to transform the nervous calligraphic quality towards the severity and rigidity of Romanesque. In the mid-twelfth-century Eadwine Psalter the process by which "suggestion had been giving way to definition, impressionism to Romanesque," is accomplished. This mid-century climax is better exemplified, however, by the two great Canterbury Bibles: the Dover Bible from Christ Church and the Lambeth Bible from St. Augustine's. Each represents the high-point in Romanesque for its house, each a masterpiece of English twelfth-century style. The third and last copy of the Utrecht Psalter, a manuscript in Paris, brings the history to a close. The second half of the century marks a decline in quality and number of the Canterbury manuscripts, yet even as the local peculiarities of style become blurred the Paris Psalter leads to the foredawn of the new, international Gothic style.

—*From the book.*

The Paris Psalter "leads to the foredawn of the new, international Gothic style."

This book is thus more than a study of one center. It gives an important cross-section of the character of English Romanesque painting with an illuminating interpretation of the assimilation and transformation of Anglo-Saxon and Norman, Continental, Byzantine, and classical sources. The publishers tell us that the author has kept in mind the unspecialized reader who might be interested in art. But even the English reader would probably admit that the level is strictly Third Programme. Dodwell has done better for us than to coin new categoric slogans. He has brought together a rich and living chapter in the history of English art.

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SELF HELP

"The Big Book": Bible for Alcoholics

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

THERE was a time when the organization known as Alcoholics Anonymous, which has become one of the greatest boons to the drunkards of the world, had a membership which was a little lopsided. On its rolls the Bowery was better represented than Park Avenue, a fact deplored by the organization's leaders. So, recognizing that the rich can become just as alcoholic as the poor, the organization decided to do something about it. Acting on its long-held tenet that only a sober ex-drunk can cure a down-and-out drunk, the A.A. leaders looked around for an ex-drunk with glamour and the ability to speak the Park Avenue language. They found it in an ex-drunk countess. The result: Park Avenue became as well represented as the Bowery on the rolls of A.A.

Now, in the past few years, another change has taken place in the membership of A.A.—a change which has proved even more important than that accomplished by the countess, but which was comparatively unnoticed by the public-at-large until last month. At that time A.A. held its bone-dry twentieth-anniversary convention and, in conjunction with the ceremonies, issued a revised, second edition of an oversized, ocean-blue volume which is familiarly known to all A.A. members as "The Big Book." The new edition, like its predecessors, is jacketed in a reversible dust cover, one side of which is blank, which allows it to be read in trains and buses without attracting the eyes of the curious. But, unlike its predecessor, the new edition is not intended solely for alcoholics of the last-gasp variety. Right in the middle of it lies a whole section devoted to drinkers who have not yet lost their businesses or broken up their homes or, as most of A.A.'s original members seem to have done, landed in jail. Says ex-A.A. president Bill W. (who still keeps his last name anonymous, though he has now stepped down from his executive position): "Now we're getting cases whose drinking has merely become a menacing nuisance, and we're glad for them."

In the same way that A.A. discovered that the Park Avenue set could not be reached by the Bowery set, it soon learned that potential alcoholics of the "menacing nuisance" variety cannot be reached by a membership composed largely of ex-last-gasp drunks. The solution: A.A. members made an effort to get a few representative "menacing nuisances" into the fold and, having accomplished this goal, found that its rollcall of these "nuisances" soon began to increase by leaps and bounds. In the new edition of "The Big Book" appear twelve well-authenticated self-confessions by former "menacing nuisances." The section is subtitled "They Stopped in Time" and it will, A.A. leaders hope, bring even more "menacing nuisances" into the organization. "Half the people coming into A.A. today are in this group," Bill W. says, "and the members of this new class immediately identify with each other. Otherwise we couldn't keep them."

Who exactly are these "menacing nuisances?" For A.A.'s purposes they are that segment of drinkers who are *potential* alcoholics. According to Bill W., there are certain well-defined symptoms by which they can be distinguished from other drinkers, *e.g.*:

- A persistent lack of control over your drinking even when you want to control it and when it is necessary that you do control it.
- An underlying maladjustment from which the excessive drinking usually stems.

Like all A.A.'s, the new members find themselves in one of the most cleverly conducted organizations of modern times. It accepts no money from outsiders, so that even if you wanted to leave a bequest to A.A. the money would be refused. It also insists on the public anonymity of its members. (Last year Bill W. turned down an honorary degree of doctor of laws at Yale because it would have brought him a personal type of glory frowned on by A.A.) Yet these two

rules alone have been credited with bringing the organization more really worthwhile publicity (*i.e.*, the kind of publicity that reaches alcoholics who need A.A.) than could have been achieved by any other public-relations policy. (Good A.A.'s, for example, disapprove of such authors as Lillian Roth, who has publicly broken the shell of her A.A. anonymity to write such a best-seller as "I'll Cry Tomorrow." Says one A.A. spokesman privately in this connection: "We have many members who have pulled themselves up by their *own* resources.")

BY equal cleverness, A.A., which has baffled psychiatrists and religionists, has at the same time been approved by both psychiatrists and religionists. There was a time when the Catholic Church, for example, did not see eye to eye with A.A., believing that its religion was enough to cure any alcoholic. Then A.A. pointed out to the Church that many of its own priests, far from being able to pull themselves up by their religion, had joined A.A. to be cured. As a result the Catholic stigma was removed from A.A. Yet the basis of A.A. itself, which once was closely associated with the Oxford Moral Rearmament Group, is a highly individualized religion that has been made palatable for even the most adamant atheist. Organized as what Bill W. describes as "everything from a benign anarchy to a democracy to a republic," the organization is one in which no member can be compelled to contribute anything to it or to believe in any particular dogma. "If you believe," says Bill, "that the hen came before the egg or that the egg came before the hen you have enough religion to join A.A." Even the most scientific alcoholic, he says, has to admit that by the time he gets around to A.A. he can't help himself. Therefore, he has to admit that there's a higher power than himself and, says Bill, "We put teeth into this belief by telling him that God in effect is saying, 'I hope you boys behave' but John Barleycorn is saying "You'd damn well better behave, because if you don't—"

By such methods A.A. leaders estimate that they have now corraled 150,000 to 200,000 former alcoholics

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into their organization, though accurate membership figures are hard to come by, partly because all members of A.A. are allowed to make their own decisions on how closely they will work with the organization and partly because there are thousands of A.A.'s who, being isolated from cities where A.A. groups are able to meet, must in their own words "stay sober" solely by means of "The Big Book" and by means of A.A.'s monthly magazine, *The Grapevine*. Sales figures of the first edition of the book alone reached a mammoth 300,000 copies—a figure which has helped to convince A.A. leaders that their membership extends far beyond their records. They know, for example, that by means of their tried-and-true methods the French membership has jumped to a great deal from a time when the only A.A.'s in France were American alcoholics in Paris. They also know that A.A. has transcended many international boundaries which are normally not transcended: for example, A.A.'s meet together from both North and South Ireland, crossing the boundary line to do so. One boundary still to be got across, however: the Iron Curtain. But in time even this boundary as well as others may disappear for, as A.A. leaders say, they have a built-in self-perpetuating system: in order to stay cured every alcoholic has to spend some time helping another drunk to be cured or otherwise he may very well sink back into drunkenness himself.

TODAY for those alcoholics and potential alcoholics who would like to join A.A. but who are remote from all A.A. groups the new and revised edition of "The Big Book" is now available for $4.50 a copy. (To groups the price is $4.) If you can not find it in your local bookstore the book can be ordered from Box 459, Grand Central Terminal Annex, New York City. Nobody—not even A. A. leaders—can speculate what the demand for the book will be. Only one thing is certain: that is that this edition will do better saleswise than did the original edition when it was first published in 1939. In that year A.A. Publishing, Inc., was left with 5,000 copies of a book which nobody seemed to want and for which the unpaid printer's bills were so alarming that A.A. headquarters was actually visited by a deputy sheriff bearing a dispossess notice. Fortunately for everybody, however, the old *Liberty Magazine* published an article on the struggling organization and shortly thereafter John D. Rockefeller, Jr., sponsored a dinner for the organization. From that moment on A.A. was a success and so was "The Big Book."

NATURE

A Modern Walden

"Adventuring with Beebe," by William Beebe *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 283 pp. $4.50), is a gathering of accounts of a celebrated naturalist's experiences in various parts of the world, published as he approaches his eightieth birthday.*

By Robert Payne

I SUSPECT that the truly enviable people in the world are those who simply spend their lives gazing, in detachment and affection, at the world around them. Power drives men mad, artists break their necks on the insoluble problems of their art, priests grow weary in the confessional, the counter-boys are made dizzy by the clacking of the cash-register, but the lookers-on-at-things live in a continual blaze of glory. They know there is nothing in the world they can ever possess; there are no paintings more beautiful than sunrise, no jewels so bright as fish swimming in a rock-bound pool, no power so great as the power that created the world in its fierce variety. So they are content to look on, to marvel and enjoy; and when the Tragic Muse announces: "It is all terrible—all the fish are eating one another up," the Comic Muse answers loftily: "Look how beautiful they are, and please have the kindness not to interrupt my walks round Walden Pond."

Now that he is nearly eighty the best of contemporary lookers-on-at-things has at last offered us his own version of "Walden." His Walden is a little larger than Thoreau's, but not much larger. It has more variety, but not much more variety. For the surprising thing about the chapters dealing with adventures in all the corners of the world William Beebe has gathered in "Adventuring with Beebe" from his published books, is that we are not made aware of any vast circumnavigations. Because he was searching for the same thing wherever he went he gives the impression of never having strayed far from a single place. He is looking for the bright glittering things: birds diving, fish rising, people walking through tropical landscapes. Whether he is writing about the mouth of the Amazon or the birds of the Bermudas or the jungles of British Guiana he sees—not the same thing—but the same wondrous glitter in which the world is bathed.

It was a brilliant idea to assemble scattered chapters from his works and jam them together between the covers of a book. There is no plan, no explanatory bridge-passages, and that is how it should be. One moment he is at Nonsuch, the next moment half a world away at Clarion Island in the Pacific or in Tibet, or sitting in a hut in Borneo looking at some recently cut human heads with a flower in each eye socket "placed there for my approval." The last words, of course, are the hallmark of the Beebe manner: there has always been something of the mandarin in him, and we must take the mandarin in our stride. It is too late to ask him not to make the long leisurely circuit before coming in for the kill. He has none of Barbellion's nakedness. I have wondered for years why Beebe insists on calling sea-water "saline H_2O," but there is no help for it; he is the master of his own manner, and at his best he writes like an angel.

How good he can be at his best you can see from a random paragraph:

> The jungle was bright with flowers, but it was a sinister brightness—a flash of pigment, set off by the blackness of the shadows. Heliconia spikes gleamed like fixed scarlet lightning, zigzagging through the pungent air. Now and then a bunch of pleasing warm-hued berries reminded one of innocuous currants, but a second glance showed them ripening into swollen liver-hued globes which offered no temptation to taste. One tree dangled hideous purple cups filled with vermilion fruits . . . I despaired of flowers worthy of the name. And then I remembered the orchids high overhead. And the realization came that the low-growing blooms needed their glaring colors to outshine the dim, shadowy underjungle, and their nauseous fumes to outscent the musky vapors of decay.

That's writing, and he has written enough of these good things to fill half a dozen more anthologies.

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Lessons from the Aborigines

***"Return to Laughter," by Elenore Smith Bowen** (Harper. 276 pp. $3.50). tells of a year spent among the bush people of Africa and the curious values and customs cherished by them. Selden Rodman, who reviews it below, is author of "Haiti, The Black Republic" and other books.*

By Selden Rodman

AS THE world's "uncivilized" regions shrink to the heart of Africa, the Amazon jungle, and a few mountain valleys of New Guinea the number of books about their disturbed and disturbing peoples multiplies. It seems almost as if the hardy adventurers into this fascinating terrain were suddenly conscious that the time is short and are hurrying to record their experiences lest the rest of us forget how we all once were. There may be a sense, too, after the shocking revelation of what happened in Germany, that the primitive and the tribal are not buried very deeply in any of us, and that the sooner we realize it the better.

This sense is a part of Elenore Smith Bowen's growing realization—as she comes to the end of a full year of complete intimacy with a bush tribe—that what she has learned about primitive peoples is as nothing compared to what they have taught her about herself. "Return to Laughter" is a remarkable book, and one affording deeper insights than any of the other recent crop, except for Father Dupeyrat's "Savage Papuas." Mrs. Bowen was a trained anthropologist but she had determined to understand her "subjects" as human beings, and to write about them as such, before making any kind of a scientific case study; in order to accomplish this she knew that she would have to live among them, learn their language without benefit of interpreter, and be accepted as one of them in spite of the enormous handicap of being a white intruder. The first part of her book exposes with great honesty her own limitations: "All my life I have had to avoid crowds for fear of fainting." . . . "Not until my third cup of coffee am I fully awake." . . . "I had felt the need to compel myself into their midst," etc.

Finally she succeeds in rising above her background, is accepted, and accepts with her conscious mind the realization "that despite my training I had thought these people would differ only in externals of dress and custom, that their basic reaction to the same basic situation would be the same as mine." She begins to understand the mother who accepts the death of a child with the phrase "It is in their nature." She begins to understand why no one in this society wants ever to be alone. She begins to understand why no one admits coincidence. She can even accept (though never for herself) the explanation "There's nothing funnier than making a blind man jump." She slowly appreciates the meaning and advantages of witchcraft: "We may consider it easier to accept defeat at the hands of fate; fate is unconquerable. But where disaster is held to come from the hands of one's fellows there defeat is not inevitable. there one need not cease to hope."

THE dramatic latter half of Mrs. Bowen's book is the story of three crises of the life of the village in which she becomes deeply involved. In the first she is obliged to stand by without lifting a finger or bringing her own superior medical knowledge into play while a young woman for whom she has great affection is slowly done to death by native "cures." In the second she is forced to side with a cruel witch doctor because he is being punished for the wrong reasons, even though doing so inevitably ends with her ostracism and being branded a witch herself. In the third she is swept along in the wave of terror and death and hate that engulfs the tribe in the wake of a plague of smallpox; she knows that if she goes to the aid of the carrier (witch), whose deliberate aim is to infect the rest of the tribe, she will confirm her own status as a witch. be outlawed permanently, and quite probably killed. The resolution of this final crisis must be read to be believed, but out of it and with her return to the tribe emerges a final understanding:

> Only in a very sheltered life of the sort made possible by civilization can one maintain a fine and serious sense of the tragedy of misfortune. In an environment in which tragedy is genuine and frequent laughter is essential to sanity such laughter is neither callous nor humorous. It is both to one of us, for behind the protecting curtains of ease and resource which civilization has woven we grow sensitive. For us to be indifferent to suffering is to kill in ourselves that sympathy without which we become dead to our fellows and ultimately to ourselves.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FIRST NAME, PLEASE

Here are ten titles of books (novels, or reasonable facsimiles thereof) which contain the surnames of leading characters. In a second column, rather mixed up, are the given names of these title characters, and in a third column, also mixed up, are the names of the ten authors. You are asked to assign the correct given names and the correct authors. Get twelve of the desired scraps of information and you have not fared so well, get from thirteen through sixteen and you have fared better, get seventeen or better and you have fared handsomely. Answers on page 23.

1. "Ashenden"	( ) Arthur Charles	( ) Arnold Bennett
2. "Babbitt"	( ) Caroline	( ) Benjamin Disraeli
3. "Coningsby"	( ) Carraway	( ) Gustave Flaubert
4. "McTeague"	( ) Emma	( ) Sinclair Lewis
5. "Madame Bovary"	( ) George F.	( ) Frederick Marryat
6. "Mr. Midshipman Easy"	( ) Harry	( ) Somerset Maugham
7. "Mr. Pim"	( ) John	( ) Herman Melville
8. "Mr. Prohack"	( ) not given	( ) A. A. Milne
9. "Mrs. Miniver"	( ) not given	( ) Frank Norris
10. "Redburn"	( ) Wellingborough	( ) Jan Struther

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Critics—from a Writer's Viewpoint

RECENTLY my publisher, with the best intention in the world, gave me a scrapbook of all or nearly all the criticisms of a volume of mine. On first reading this compendium was confusing. In many cases one critic canceled out another; while the exponents of the new criticism wrote a parochial language which was completely obscure to me. I became depressed after first looking into this scrapbook, for it seemed to me that there were no laws of criticism. Read all together one had an appalling sense of anarchy.

It is the convention that a writer should never answer a critic, no matter how violent or seemingly unfair the review. For example, when a *New Yorker* critic attacked a play of mine on the basis of parts and lines which had been removed in rehearsal I knew that he had not looked very carefully at the play and had refreshed his memory from a script which had been abandoned during production. It did not occur to me to protest. This piece is not a protest. It is rather an attempt to scrutinize and perhaps understand present-day American criticism as it is seen by a writer.

One thing we are prone to forget is that the critic is primarily a writer himself and that his first interest lies in his own career. This being so, is it surprising that he is prone to warp his piece in favor of his own cleverness. The critic is nearly always a creative writer or wants to be. Thus, we find him invariably with a novel or play in process or in mind and the critical process can by no means carry over into the creative process. A reviewer who hates dulness is quite capable of writing a dull book. A drama critic of inexorable standards can write, and within our memory has, a play which violated every standard his critical pattern set up.

We are likely also to forget that critics are people with all of the frailties and attitudes of people. One critic explained to me after the fact that he had given me a ferocious beating because he had a hangover. Another, with a reputation for blistering anything he touched, suddenly went enthusiastically appreciative of almost everything. The explanation was not hard to find. He had published three novels which failed and his fourth was well received and his whole approach changed. Another reviewer uses a neurosis stemming from his birth under unusual circumstances and from unusual parents as the gall in which he dips his pen. Still another critic of personal indecision, reviewing a novel with a homosexual theme, attacked it hysterically on points of grammar.

Here is a thing we are most likely to forget. A man's writing is himself. A kind man writes kindly. A mean man writes meanly. A sick man writes sickly. And a wise man writes wisely. There is no reason to suppose that this rule does not apply to critics as well as to other writers.

One might go farther into the effects of personal life on criticism. It is reasonable to suppose that the reviewer privately unloved will take a dim view of love; that the childless critic will be intolerant of children; that the failure will hate success; a bachelor be cynical of marriage; the tired and old find youth and enthusiasm intolerable; and the conservative be outraged by experiment.

In inspecting present-day American reviewers, one should also take into consideration the fact that the critic very rarely intended criticism as his career. It is in many cases a means of surviving until he can become novelist, playwright, or poet and if, in the course of years, he should become none of these he must, no matter how much he may resist, develop an anger against those who do.

ANOTHER thought that comes to me is that people get tired of their jobs, no matter what they are. I can well imagine that a man who is compelled for his living to read book after book after book might well grow to detest books; that a drama critic forced to go to plays, when he might rather have some private evening social life, could develop a fierce animosity towards the theatre. This is more than a conjecture.

But let us consider success within criticism itself. It consists in building up a large body of readers, as large as possible. To do this the critic must attract attention, just as people are more interested in violence than in quiet, in murder and in accidents than in uneventfulness, in divorce than in marriage, so they read destructive attack with greater avidity than praise. Indeed, one critic made his whole reputation by denouncing Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare as literary hacks. He lived on that one for years. He was considered original.

There are generalized tendencies which emerge after much reading of notices.

1. A reviewer is prone to like the previous book or play of a writer better than the present one, but the previous one he didn't like as well as the one previous to that. Reading a course of reviews of a critic over a period gives a writer the idea that he started with nothing and got nowhere. In fact, is in a continual state of slipping back. Drama critics have apparently great power in determining whether a play shall survive or not. Book critics, on the other hand, seem to have little to do with the success or failure of a book. Some years ago a publisher placed a self-addressed postcard with checkboxes in every book sent out. The response indicated that 3 per cent bought the book because of advertising, 2 per cent because of reviews, and 95 per cent because of word-of-mouth. A national magazine review section has, over a period of ten years or more, torn into every book of mine with a vehemence far beyond the call of duty or even of hatred. This magazine has enormous circulation, yet its

(*Continued on page* 28)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CASE FOR FLYING SAUCERS

PLEASE ALLOW a few critical comments on Siegfried Mandel's astonishing article "The Great Saucer Hunt" [*SR* Aug. 6], which reviews ten flying-saucer books of widely and wildly varying content and quality. The published material on saucers is by now voluminous, and unfortunately much of it is indeed silly, badly written, and at best highly controversial. Nevertheless, there is no excuse for including in the same article a review of Major Donald E. Keyhoe's book and of the George Williamson-Alfred Bailey opus. This is about like reviewing Freud and "The Gypsy Dream Book" simultaneously.

Mandel warmly approves only one book, that by Dr. Donald H. Menzel of Harvard University. The hypnotic effect of those last two words has blinded more than one reviewer to the feebleness of Dr. Menzel's "explanations," to his strange logic, and to his lack of scientific integrity. With respect to the Keyhoe book, Mandel says it is the "most persuasive and influential" of the pro-saucer volumes, but does not mention the fact that the book contains scores of sighting reports from presumably competent and reliable witnesses. Of course, if he had mentioned this fact it might have weakened his final pronouncement, the statement that "readers with a normal degree of objectivity will understand that saucers are auto-suggestive myths"—whatever that means. Still, the case for saucers does *not* rest on the questionable publications to which he has given most of his review.

TED BLOECHER.
Director, Research Section Civilian Saucer Intelligence.
New York, N. Y.

THE THIRD ESTATE

MAY A READER of *SR* congratulate its editors for featuring Siegfried Mandel's article "The Great Saucer Hunt." These are the days when all of us should emphatically "keep our shirts on." Having made a practice of reading books on the "flying saucer," I can testify that some authors discussing this phenomenon are obviously afflicted by what may be dubbed hocuspocus. I've some respect for Major Keyhoe's observations on this subject. Others are simply infantile, mistaking bad mythology for honest scientific speculation on the existence of billions or trillions of solar systems. True, an egotism which holds that Man is the most progressive living object in trillions of worlds should be abandoned in this day and age. There could be millions of living entities in those countless galaxies seen in Mt. Palomar's telescope, or photographed by the Schmidt camera, as superior to us as we are to a potato beetle or bumblebee. But if they have neglected to visit the Earth in a flying saucer, or other contrivance for space flight, our own low estate may explain the disregard.

HERBERT M. MERRILL.
Laconia, N. H.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"A good marching song has to be simple, Mrs. Howe. You can't have things like 'vintage' and 'grapes of wrath' in it."

IS THE USAF HONEST?

MANDEL MAKES a special point of debunking the "error" that the Air Force is withholding information on the saucers. May I ask how he knows the Air Force isn't doing just that? The Air Force report for the first four months of 1954 stated that "only eighty-seven cases have been received at Wright-Patterson Field." They implied that the "saucer fad" was wearing off. But later, in an interview, a lieutenant-colonel at the Dayton Air Force Base told a friend of mine that sightings were coming in at the rate of 700 a week! Isn't this an intentional, deceptive move? On January 6, 1954, the Cleveland papers featured this head: "BRASS CURTAIN HIDES SAUCERS." The article stated that visits to the saucer center, Wright Field, were banned. Why?

THOMAS M. COMELLA.
Director, Flying Saucer News Service of Cleveland.
Shaker Heights, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Writes Mr. Mandel: "In accusing the noted Harvard astrophysicist Dr. Donald Menzel of a 'lack of scientific integrity,' Bloecher displays the typical hostility of a self-appointed expert who sees his 'speciality' coming under the cold eye of professional analysis. There is yet to be any scientist of any repute who encourages the fantastic imaginings of the saucer-prophets. Nor does it make sense to claim with Mr. Comella that the U. S. Air Force is deliberately concealing the facts. A genuine saucer menace would be a high trump in the game of appropriations-getting. The Air Force is likely to see saucers whenever it can."*

H. B.'s BALANCE SHEET

HARRISON BROWN'S EDITORIAL "A Scientist Looks at the Balance Sheet" [*SR* Aug. 6] is a fine piece of writing. I was particularly impressed by the author's commentary on Americans. It is true that we have been hypnotized by the gaudy fruits of Mammon. We are a luxury-conscious, a vacation-conscious people constantly seeking comfort-grooves. This we call progress.

Genius and imagination cannot function in a world where sacrifice is merely a word and not a reality. The qualities that divorce us from the world of reality which lies about us must be abandoned, and the spirits of love, of idealism, and of sacrifice must thrive within us if genius and imagination are to function for international peace. Furthermore, genius needs clarity of purpose, another quality that does not exist in a world mesmerized by materialism. If we don't get out of the spell of Mr. Wordly Wiseman reality may assert itself in cosmic devastation.

RUDOLPH LANDRY.
Norwich, Conn.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Wilder Without Bewilderment

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHEN Elia Kazan's production of "The Skin of Our Teeth" opened a dozen years ago it played hard to get. The dynamic director paced the show like a fast 440-yard relay with Tallulah Bankhead running the anchor leg, and for all its fun and ingenuity it whizzed like telegraph poles past the eyes of baffled audiences who left feeling that Thornton Wilder must have been getting at something pretty deep they were too obtuse to grasp. After all, if the sophisticated Tallulah playing both Sabina and herself admitted that *she* didn't know "what this damn play's about" we were inclined to say that we were *with her*.

Today Alan Schneider's production of the same play (slightly revised by the author) is so relaxed and clear that it seems a much simplified American condensation of "The Outline of History." The playwright is poking affectionate fun at our banalities and shortsightednesses as he kaleidoscopes them with the long view of man's cultural achievement. Mankind, Mr. Wilder suggests, only learns enough from glaciers, floods, and wars to muddle through by the skin of its teeth, but not enough really to change. There will always be Cains or Hitlers, dowdy but patient homemaking mothers, featherbrained temptresses, and married men willing to have a fling as a relief from tedium at home (and conversely staunch in the defense of that same home in emergency and catastrophe). But most important for Mr. Wilder, there will always be books containing the accumulated wisdom which man needs when he must build a civilization.

The present cast, recruited for America's Salute to France program and to be seen on TV, Sunday, September 11, is an excellent one. Helen Hayes puts into the role of Mrs. Antrobus many of the same elements that are found in J. M. Barrie's Maggie Shand. And she plays it with the same dry zing that made her performance of Maggie delightful. Yet in some ways Miss Hayes can be said to be even better as Mrs. Antrobus. For Wilder is not really as sentimental as he seems on the surface, and there is a deep hard core to the forced laugh Mrs. Antrobus uses when she must accept a poor excuse. Not only does she execute this kind of thing adroitly, but she stirs a bitter sadness when she encloses a message to all women in a bottle and throws it into the raging sea.

Mary Martin is a very different Sabina from Miss Bankhead. Where Tallulah seemed snobbishly bored with the proceedings, Miss Martin is a good-hearted and folksy "Gal Sal." When she consciously sets out to act she seems slightly awkward and unsure, but when she lets loose and has fun, as she does in the comic second-act tango, Miss Martin glows like the star she is.

As Mr. Antrobus, George Abbott appears more the average head of the family than did Frederic March. However, at those moments when he is called upon to become passionate in the defense of human values he lacks Mr. March's fire. Being one of the theatre's most practical directors, Mr. Abbott wisely takes his performance only as far as he knows his ability will stretch.

Florence Reed is back from the original cast enjoying to the hilt the theatricality of the fortune-teller. Don Murray generates real excitement as the returned soldier who has used war as an excuse to let his sadistic tendencies run wild. (Has the playwright anticipated the grim details currently being revealed in the court-martial of Sergeant Gallagher?) And Heller Halliday uses an effective Kim Stanley approach as the adolescent girl who wants to be "wicked." Frank Silvera, Paul Morrison, and Vinie Burrows give strong support in smaller roles.

Lester Polakov's settings are his best to date as he heightens the deliberate two-dimensionality of the backgrounds. This is a very astute production of a play that is both marvelously universal and dangerously lean-mixed. —HENRY HEWES.

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Back to my beauty parlor where
I'll turn this seaweed in for hair.
Back to the paper at my door—
I can't see what I left it for.

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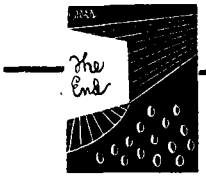

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Jack and Grace

IT IS simply not true that Jack Webb has only one facial expression. He has two. One is a sad look, the other is a sad smile, and he makes them cover a multitude of scenes in his workmanlike and entertaining movie **"Pete Kelly's Blues."**

There is not a single original character in this valentine to the pioneer jazzmakers of the Twenties. We met most of them in "Young Man with a Horn"; we encounter them again when fictioneers attempt to make drama out of the overromanced tramp musician. There's the struggling little band in the underground booze joint, there's the shy, inarticulate musician whose letter to the world comes out of his horn, there's the giddy heiress who invites the boys to the party and winds up getting pushed into the swimming pool, there's the arrogant hood who sells "protection," and—when challenged—instinctively breaks a beer bottle on the bar, there's the speakeasy proprietor who makes white wine into champagne with a compressed gas tank, and fills gaudily labeled bottles from the same gallon jugs that served the Marx Brothers in "Horsefeathers," there's the gangster's moll, who has to drink an awful lot of whisky to keep from remembering she was a nice kid 100 years ago.

It's my suspicion that Webb put these juicy bits into his film on purpose, as if he were almost parodying the period, in the same way that the college boys at Yale used to delight in portraying the mustachioed villains in the melodramas of the Nineties. For Webb's creation of visual excitement and the flavorful quality of the dialogue make "Pete Kelly's Blues" a brisk film which will beguile you without putting any strain on the little gray cells. And Webb smiles at least three times in the picture!

* * *

It sometimes occurs to me to wonder what goes through the minds of the picture-makers who turn out features like **"To Catch a Thief"** (Paramount), and it pleases me to believe that the monologue of such a fellow would sound like this:

The trouble with the movies today, there are not enough pictures about jewel thiefs. These days, before you get the finishing money it says right here in the contract that the hero is a juvenile delinquent who grew up in the asphalt jungle and he never had a bloody chance and the reason he burns the warden's feet with cigarette butts is that his mother gave him lima beans when he wanted carrots.

What I have in mind is a picture about an international jewel thief where we could put in ads like the old days, "When he wasn't taking their diamonds he stole their hearts." For this part we got Cary Grant with a little talcum at the temples and looking like the Federal Reserve Bank, and if that is not enough we got Grace Kelly, a girl who is so ice-cold that she is hotter than Scrabble, and if that is not enough we got Alfred Hitchcock, and for extras we got the French Riviera in VistaVision, and if this doesn't bring them in I turn in my hornrimmed glasses and start making "Ramar of the Jungle."

Right away the picture starts with a switch. Cary is a jewel thief, but he is a retired jewel thief. Only there is a cat burglar who is stealing jewels just the way Cary used to steal them, by climbing over roofs, so naturally the police think it's Cary and naturally he has to go out and catch the real thief to take the heat off. To do this he has to hang around rich biddies with plenty diamonds and one of the rich biddies has a daughter named Grace Kelly that the first time you see her she is in a bathing suit and, believe me, when this comes on the screen the projectionists in the booth will knock off the gin-rummy game.

What else can I tell you? The dialogue is so bad that Cary looks embarrassed to be saying it, and Hitch has been too busy shooting auto chases on the Corniche from an airplane to pay much attention to the suspense, and altogether, speaking not for publication, the picture is a little bit of a mess, but anyway we got here a picture about a jewel thief. Maybe the wise guys on the New York papers will be claiming that somebody stole the jewels that should have been in the dialogue, but it has got Grace Kelly and it has got Alfred Hitchcock and there are 10,000,000 ladies who will give you Albert Schweitzer and Pandit Nehru if they can have Cary Grant.

—LEE ROGOW.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 9, 7, 5, 2, 3, 6, 1 or 4, 1 or 4, 10. Column Three should read: 8, 3, 5, 2, 6, 1, 10, 7, 4, 9.

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The Myth of Science Fiction

Continued from page 8

same attitude exist in our society toward scientists?

But while some of the science-fiction literature uses sound scientific information in speculating or meticulously describing the orbital workings of the universe and the possible flora and fauna of these planets we communicate with, the SF approach to politics and government is absurd. The assumption that the scientist would rule the world with paternal wisdom—and that laymen would acquiesce in this Big Fatherhood—is as historically silly as Plato's philosopher-kings, who turn out to be no more than dictators in disguise enforcing the "harmony" of the state through thought-control and the police. It is ridiculous to think that a scientist-dictator clique ruling the world or the universe would avoid the common human traits of jealousy and ambition. Nevertheless, the SFer fancies the universe run by a sort of lofty, technocratic Signory, without considering that the real members of the real Venetian Signory assassinated their own grandmothers to keep office. Of the highest sort of real political intelligence, the compromises, ingenuity, and deceptions by means of which Elizabeth I (or Abraham Lincoln, for that matter) managed her situations there is no hint in science fiction.

States in SF literature display an anatomy of power consisting of monolithic rule by a cabinet of scientific elders, plus an automatic citizenry. Station in life is usually determined from birth. If a person's character is found incompatible with the ideals of the SF state he is simply regenerated through psycho-physical treatments. Rarely do SF writers and believers think through to the ultimate, catastrophic socio-political consequences of their projected Utopia.

The scientist-leader ranks very high in the new mythology. Trained to be intellectually ascetic, the ideal SF hero also embodies humanistic and prophetic strains. Quite frequently in science-fiction literature there appears the "last man on earth" motif. Usually before cataclysms which threaten the world, or before destruction from outer space is threatened, some scientist with four-dimensional sense broadcasts prophetic warnings. Once this prophetic obligation is discharged—though ignored by most—a select band of believers heeds the call and makes appropriate provisions to survive. They usually wind up being the last men on earth. Or they determinedly take flight into the beyond. Then the last earthmen or the space-officers heave a sigh of relief at being alone at last, and out of the subway tube of the modern world. Why they care about life at all is not easy to understand; but their lack of *joie de vivre* is compensated for by manly courage and the grim resolution which makes it possible to bear the immense isolation of space.

MANY basic humanistic doctrines underlie science-fiction thinking and can be summed up in this fashion: let us erase all social ills and ban wars since it is imperative that we create a worldwide front to deal with extra-terrestrial powers, either through conflict or coming to terms by means of negotiation, when that occasion arises. All this explains the conclaves of international scientists who so often come together in science fiction and sound Messianic warnings to the tune of "It's later than you think; the end of the world is just around the corner." From this point of view Gerald Heard seems justified in saying, "Science fiction is the prophetic . . . the apocalyptic literature of our particular and culminating epoch of crisis." But the SFer has no reason to despair or turn religious (*i.e.*, superstitious) for scientists can explain, if not control, all things, and hypothetical theories of "group dynamics" even make all social and political quandaries a thing of the past.

Yet a sense of urgency inspires the SFer. In the first place there is that uncomfortable feeling which pervades science fiction, the feeling that we are not alone in the universe, but are being constantly observed. Second, there is that feeling of time running out. The awareness of life's brevity in the face of the vast and limitless past and future urges the SFers to crash astral barriers *during* their own lifetime. SF attempts to go beyond the hope offered by most religions, which offer salvation and life eternal *after* death. Of course, modern atomic experiments enhance certain dire speculations.

Like the Apostles' warnings to the ancient world, the science-fiction scientists' forecasts fall on deaf ears and even gather ridicule. But, far from being discouraged, an idealistic band of scientists continues work on interstellar vessels designed to head for greener pastures beyond our sphere. Their work, however, is shielded by the protective secrecy of their laboratory, even as religious sects sought the safety of catacombs in warding off persecution. All this encourages a kind of natural selectivity. Scoffers and disbelievers remain outside of the circle of those who are worthy of the great dream. Salvation is ultimately promised to those believers who make up a "community of saints" sharing the basic SF tenets. Most often spaceship building becomes a race against time, not a hobby which would allow mere adventurers to satisfy idle curiosity about the secrets and oddities to be found in the universe. Science fictioneers' aims consist of beating out impending world disaster and overcoming the limitations of a mortal life-span.

In mythologies of old, gods visiting humans assumed various forms—a shower of gold, a swan, pilgrims, angels. Neither these nor Hamlet's ancestral ghost appear in science fiction. Leda's swan, allegorical pilgrims, and leprechauns have been displaced by aliens from other planets who either maintain their own peculiar shapes or for the sake of convenient inconspicuousness assume earthly forms.

IT WAS ALL VERY WELL for the Senior Judge to tell him to seek adventure in interplanetary exploration, but only engineers and technicians were eligible for such billets. Perhaps he should have gone in for science, or engineering, instead of literature; then he might now be on Venus, contending against the forces of nature. . . .

The Covenant was the first scientific social document ever drawn up by man, and due credit must be given to its principal author, Dr. Micah [the name of the prophet who heralded the coming judgment] Novak, the same Novak who served as staff psychologist in the Revolution. The Revolutionists wished to establish maximum personal liberty. How could they accomplish that to a degree of high mathematical probability?

First they junked the concept of "justice." Examined semantically "justice" has no referent—there is no observable phenomenon in the space-time-matter continuum to which one can point, and say, "This is justice." Science can deal only with that which can be observed and measured. . . . But damage, physical or economic, can be pointed to and measured. Citizens were forbidden by the Covenant to damage another. Any act not leading to damage, physical or economic, to some particular person, they declared to be lawful. *Robert A. Heinlein, "Revolt in 2100" (Shasta Publishers).*

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THE FEDERATION, on the other hand, looked back with a kind of affectionate contempt upon the world from which it had sprung. It had lured to Mars, Venus, and the satellites of the giant planets some of the finest intellects and the most adventurous spirits of the human race. Here was the new frontier, one that would expand forever toward the stars. It was the greatest challenge mankind had ever faced, it could be met only by supreme scientific skill and unyielding determination. *Arthur C. Clarke, "Earthlight" (Ballantine Books).*

But the things these ambassadors from outer space have in common with the visitors of old are superhuman wisdom and superior knowledge and power.

COMPARED with the dangers and incalculable vistas lurking in the vast stretches of an unknown universe, earthly problems shrink to insignificance in the eyes of science fiction. Who can bother with a new suit, union negotiations, or even international politics? Such petty concerns. Instead, "psychokinesis!" (a favorite concept in science fiction which ascribes to the mind the ability to exert significant mastery over matter.) Specifically, SF holds that scientific insight gives man the "ability to manipulate the physical world by means of an advanced knowledge of the mathematical nature of the universe" (a definition given by Judith Merril in "Beyond the Barriers of Space and Time"). This idea goes back to the Greek circle of Pythagoras of the sixth century B.C., which regarded numbers as the mystical base and heart of the universe.

We see that the new mythology is a subtle point-for-point exchange of traditional religious doctrines for "modern" concepts. First of all, the scientist replaces the priest; the unknown replaces God; the spaceship, like the Egyptian solar boat, displaces the church as a vessel of salvation (interestingly enough, the church was always likened to a ship—*navis*); the saved ones in a spaceship assume the characteristics of superior men or saints casting off earthly chains; the new planet idyllically becomes the heavenly Jerusalem; the pilot or astrogator leads his community of saints like a savior; visitors from outer space take on the terror and sublimity of angels; the dashboard paraphernalia and control dials become as potent and dominant as icons and sacraments—faith is placed in technical efficiency: finally, the breakthrough into space, the bursting through gravitational

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pulls, constitutes a baptism or a climactic initiation into the heavenly mysteries. And once the universe is reduced to technology it becomes predictable and manageable. When the universe is stripped of spiritual content and is interpreted as a machine scientists assume the license of tinkering with it.

Unfortunately, for most of us the "machine of the universe" is so complex that it must remain as much a mystery as the Eleusinian rites were to the average Athenian, *unless* one becomes a dedicated disciple of the circle dominated by the scientists and space officers—the new priests!

All this does not mean that the universe loses its beauty. In fact, precise and machinelike motion and behavior are the esthetic zenith for an SF enthusiast. But if this sere universe is still "beautiful," it is a little less real. If science fiction has become a successful literature of escape, it has not become a literature of force and emotion. It is not that the science-fiction world does not correspond to the physical probabilities of the Future; for no doubt the real world of 5000 A.D. would seem far more bizarre to a contemporary invader than any present-day SFer has dreamed it to be. It is that science-fiction literature does not correspond to the normal aspirations of the human spirit. The science-fiction future is not one which strikes the average man as an age of promise; it is not—as were Cicero's Isles of the Blessed or Columbus's equally fanciful "Indies"—a world where most of us would care to abide. When Philip Wylie called science fiction "a symptom of our general mental disorder" he missed its dimensions. Is not science fiction only one more vain attempt—with new vocabulary and grandiose new symbolism—to loose the fetters of life, rather than understand them?

ZEKE LOOKED UP at the four men, and then out toward the pylon again—all that was left of a race that had searched the stars in its need to find new frontiers. It must have been a hardy race, since it had dared to set up a colony across all those innumerable parsecs of space, without even the inspiration of other life. Then, when that colony had failed, the race had returned to the loneliness of its own little world, where the stars looked down grimly, no longer promising anything. Now Mars had been dead 10,000,000 years, and the pylon stood as the final tombstone on the world which had become a prison. *Lester del Rey, "The Years Draw Night,"* Astounding Science Fiction *(October 1951).*

Critics

Continued from page 20

campaign has had no appreciable effect on the sale of my books.

I HAVE spoken to some extent of unfavorable reviews. I think a writer squirms much more at a favorable notice if the reviewer has missed the point. I remember some overwhelmingly flattering reviews which gave me great sadness because the critic had not understood one thing I was talking about.

What, from a writer's standpoint, is the function of a critic? Some critics seem to feel that they are the directors of writers. They show them the path they should take and punish them if they fail to take it. This has little value to a writer since he is not likely to repeat the book in question.

Should the critic, then, be a kind of intermediary between writer and reader? I don't know, but I suspect that if a writer cannot make himself clear to a reader a critic has little chance of making him clearer. Is the critic a kind of traffic-cop of literature? Is he a separator of sheep from goats? Is he an interpreter? Perhaps different reviewers assume different roles. One dramatic critic who apparently must have had a fine time in Germany before the turn of the century has found no pleasure since. Another reviewer for a magazine prefers anything first written in French.

It is amusing to me how many critics are deeply involved with immortality. They threaten the writer with mortality. They have even convinced some of our best living authors that the immortality of their work is important so that they quarrel like children over the billing on a tombstone. A sad state for otherwise brilliant men who should know that literary immortality is a relative matter subject to unforeseen futures. It has occurred in the past too often not to be possible in the future, that the writer most read fifty years after his death was unknown or unacceptable during his life. Our immortal of the future may be someone the present critics do not know about or do not consider important.

It would be very interesting for a good and intelligent critic to exercise his craft on a body of work of his fellow critics. If this should happen I think it would be found that the product of a reviewer is not objective at all, but subject to all of the virtues and vices of other writers in other fields. I don't think critics should change; only our attitude toward them. Poor things, nobody reviews them.

—JOHN STEINBECK.

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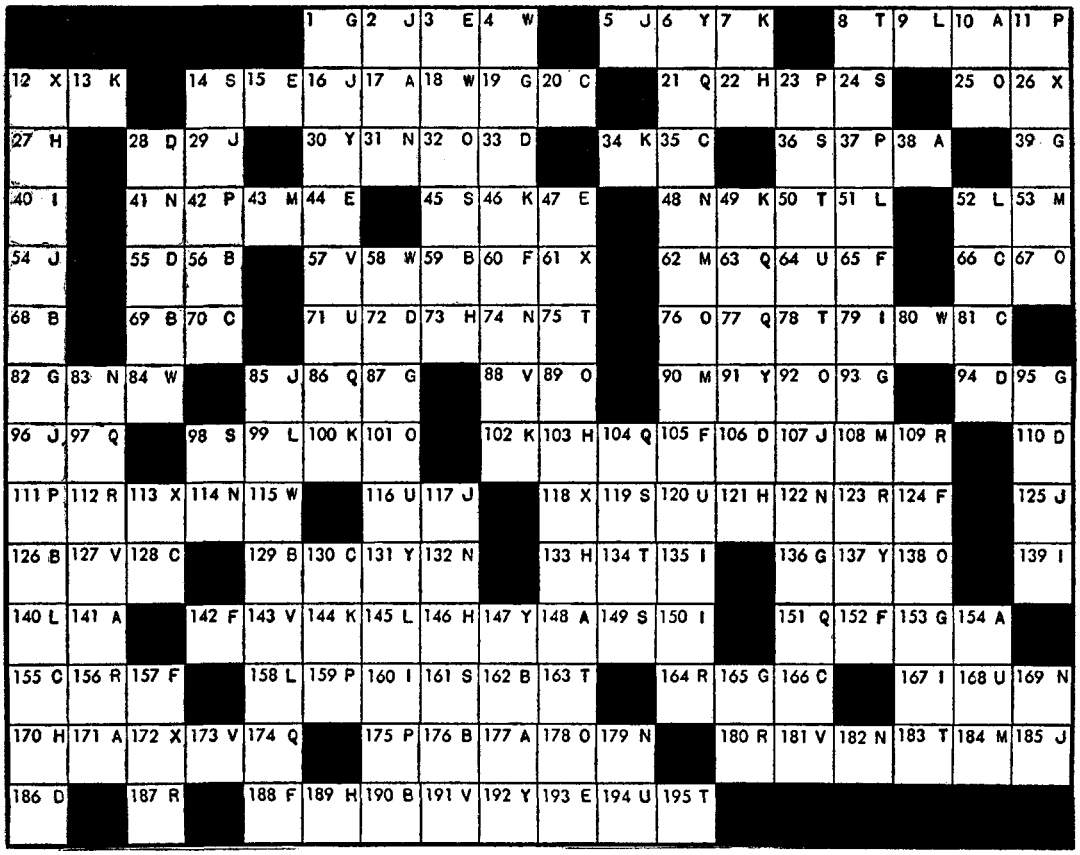
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Region in Michigan famous for copper-bearing rocks.	154 141 17 148 171 10 177 38
B. Antiseptic solution for rinsing the teeth.	176 56 126 69 129 68 59 162 190
C. Loathing; repugnant.	130 155 66 70 166 81 35 20 128
D. Depend upon the action or decision of (2 wds.).	94 106 186 55 33 110 28 72
E. Strong bollard or cleat for making fast the lines of a vessel.	44 15 193 47 3
F. The check in a French restaurant.	188 124 65 105 157 142 152 60
G. All different (of several; 3 wds.).	136 165 39 87 153 82 93 95 1 19
H. A mordant used in etching (hydrochloric acid and potassium chlorate; 2 wds.).	27 73 146 189 133 121 103 170 22
I. Surname of two contemporaneous Englishmen named Thomas, one a pupil of Mozart, the other a politician.	160 79 150 167 139 40 135
J. Mrs. James Mertz, for instance, who won the Adams Trophy, 1954.	117 5 96 85 16 185 54 29 125 2 107
K. Sand flea or allied creature.	100 34 144 46 13 102 49 7
L. A volatile, inflammable liquid.	140 145 158 99 51 52 9
M. Fruitful valley near Hebron, in the Bible.	184 62 90 108 53 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. One of the great figures of history, whose wife was Hildegarde.	182 31 169 74 179 132 41 122 48 83 114
O. Shelter for those who collect the price of riding on superhighways.	138 32 178 92 76 67 89 101 25
P. Sister of Cleopatra, captured and led in triumph through Rome, killed by order of Antony.	11 159 175 42 111 37 23
Q. A roller for massaging.	174 86 77 151 63 21 104 97
R. Imparted new life or spirit.	187 123 164 156 180 109 112
S. Without power of sensation or motion because of (2 wds.).	149 119 24 14 98 161 45 36
T. Lying close but not necessarily in contact.	134 195 8 50 183 163 75 78
U. Preparatory outline or draft.	120 71 168 194 116 64
V. Incentive.	191 143 57 173 88 181 127
W. Suppressed, as from consideration, pronunciation, etc.	18 58 4 115 80 84
X. Short title of 18th-cent. novel by Beckford, written in French, whose translation has superseded the original.	172 26 61 118 113 12
Y. Covetous; discontentedly desirous of others' possessions or good fortune.	192 6 131 147 137 91 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

AUGUST 27, 1955

CONTENTS

Rx FOR GOOD MUSIC
By R. S. Lanier 31

PARIS TO PRINCETON
By Abram Chasins 34

FIRST, AND GREATEST, OTELLO
By George Jellinek 36

A NEW APPROACH TO CABINET DESIGN
By Edgar M. Villchur 37

AMERICANA WITHOUT TEARS
By Arthur Berger 38

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 40

L.A.'s "MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED"
By Mildred Norton 45

FAREWELL SYMPHONY: THE AUSTRO-AMERICAN RADIO
By H. C. Robbins Landon 46

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 48

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson 50

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 51

Rx FOR GOOD MUSIC

—*Ellis Farber.*

Dr. John Walton before his hi-fi equipment.

By R. S. LANIER

SELLERS of audio equipment, and purveyors of information to and about the audio trade, are quite generally agreed on one aspect of the unresearched, untabulated, massively explosive high-fidelity market: it runs heavily to doctors. The evidence makes it seem certain that if you took a random slice through the followers of high fidelity in any community there would be several times as many doctors in it as their number in the community as a whole would seem likely.

This naturally arouses journalistic curiosity. What is it that links the practice of medicine with the practice of high fidelity! In order to get some first-hand information on this subject a miniature dragnet was dropped into the local hi-fi stream, and the names of about a dozen doctors fished out. This number represented only a tiny fraction of those that might have been investigated. One of the oldest and largest of the audio dealers in New York for instance, reported that scores or even hundreds of names could have been supplied. However, since this survey is determinedly impressionistic, with no statistical values of any kind, we felt free to ignore all attempts at Madison Avenue-type arithmetic, and just go talk to some doctors and listen to what they said in return.

The first pattern to emerge was that doctors are not only high-fidelity fans, they are high-fidelity fans *together*. Almost every person interviewed offered the names of colleagues who joined in group listening sessions, or were friendly rivals in the pursuit of ever-better sound reproduction in the living room. This is a natural state of affairs with interning doctors, who necessarily see practically no one but other interns. But it was also true of nearly every doctor approached, young and old.

One thing that came clearly out of the intern case-histories was the infective power of high fidelity. Two testified that they had no sound-reproduction equipment, or equipment of minimum quality, until they heard something like hi-fi reproduction in the room of a friend. In every case the bug bit and they ran fevers. This same prognosis turns up repeatedly in testimony from those who succumbed to hi fi.

Among the interns, Dr. Marshall of Creedmore Hospital would probably be thrown out of this poll by Dr. Gallup as a kind of ringer: he studied mechanical engineering before he studied medicine. To show just how non-Gallup our survey is, we are eager to count Dr. Marshall's vote, because it seems to us to have plenty of significance.

HE SAYS that during his first, or engineering phase, his contact with acoustics struck a very sympathetic chord, and he determined that as soon as opportunity came he would interest himself directly in the reproduction of sound. He went into medicine; he began to assemble hi-fi systems. However, he regards hi-fi activity as, primarily, a way of getting music satisfactorily reproduced. His tastes cover a wide range: Broadway shows, serious music, jazz.

These two themes, the rapport with the technical side of the reproduction

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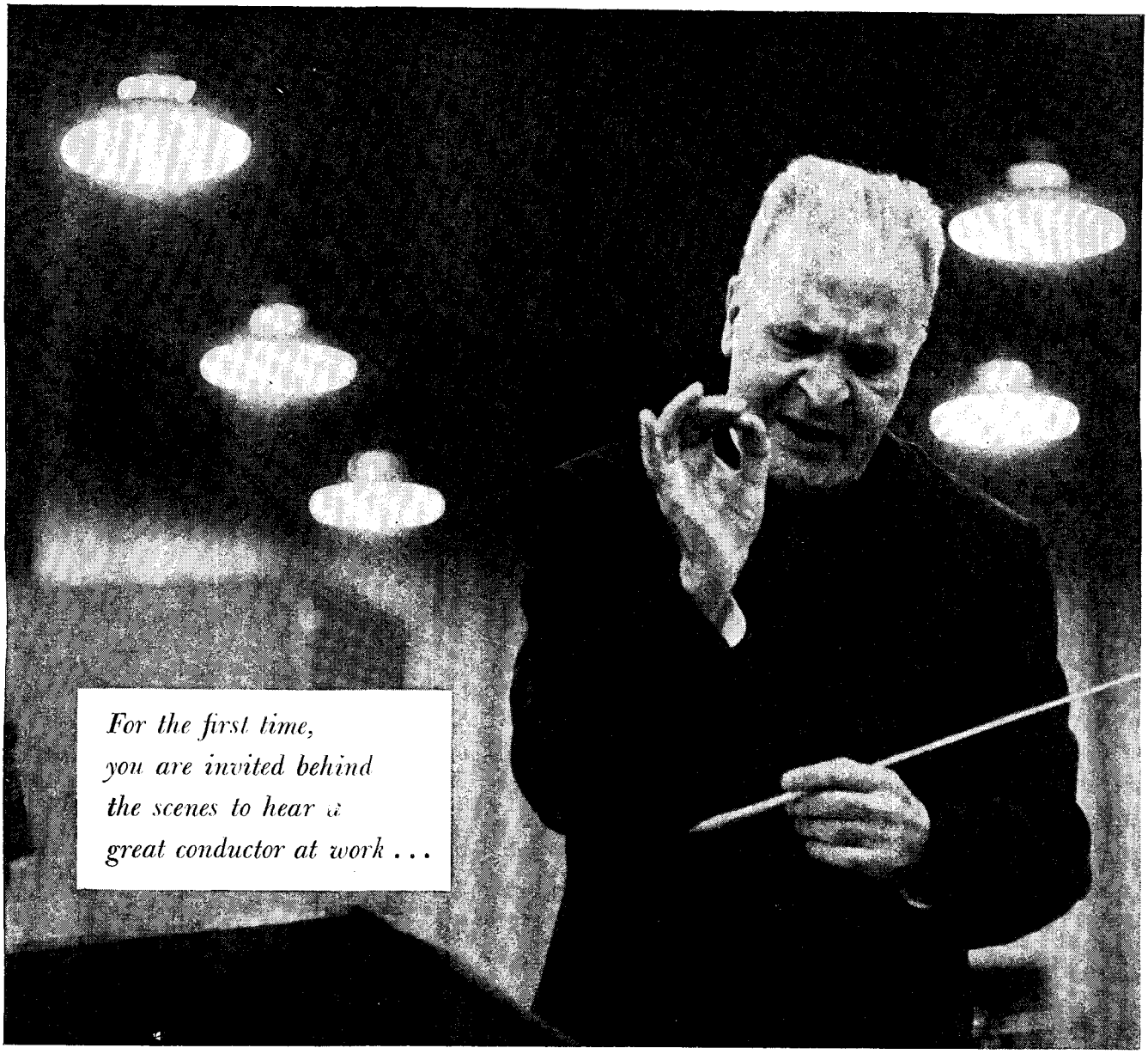

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of sound but the subservience of technicalities to music, are something like the *Leitmotifs* of this report.

Another intern, Dr. Donald Weisman of Mt. Sinai Hospital, is even more of a ringer as far as this survey is concerned. He is a professional musician as well as a doctor. He was bass soloist with the Yale Glee Club, and sang for money many times during and after college. A tape recorder has been for him, as for a host of musicians, a potent aid in rehearsal and self-criticism. But his hi-fi activity goes far beyond this practical device. His system includes much specially-built equipment, such as switching-panels to his own design, and other devices dear to the hi-fi heart, all aimed at the best possible reproduction of music. Dr. Weisman agreed with a tentative theory of the interviewer: that a doctor's scientific training predisposes him to take at least an intelligent interest in the science of reproduced sound.

This is emphatically borne out by a "customer's man" at what is probably the largest seller of audio equipment in the country—certainly in the East. He is a man with literally dozens of doctors' names on the tip of his tongue, and he regards them, as a class, as nearly ideal customers. They understand quickly the significance of new technical developments, and if they are convinced that some new unit or way of doing things is substantially better than the old, they want it as soon as they can afford it—which, with doctors with established practices, is usually right away.

We can face that last point just as well now as later. Doctors, generally speaking, can afford high fidelity: that is, doctors with going practices. The fact that they can afford it has little to do, of course, with the fact that they are interested in it. They can also afford stamp collections, fishing trips, etc. And by all the evidence, doctors are in the audio salesrooms listening to loudspeakers far more often than other groups equally, or even better, equipped to meet the financial demands of high fidelity—middle and upper-level businessmen, for instance. We can sum up by regarding the doctor's financial abilities as "essentially contributory," but not "basically determining," as far as high fidelity is concerned.

In the further interest of true perspective, we acknowledge freely here what is now evident and will be more so: that doctors choose high fidelity for most of the same reasons that everyone else does. For instance, Dr. H. Earle Illick of Queens Village reported that an important factor in bringing him to hi-fi was an acquaintance with radio, which he embraced as a hobby in the crystal-and-oatmeal-box days. He built receivers and bought many, too, during the time when logging distant stations, in this country and abroad, was the prime objective of radio listening. Then there was a period when his interest in radio, and in electronics generally, was dormant.

But the spread of hi-fi after the war finally reached the edges of his latent desire to be involved with electronic equipment. A second factor in his reawakening was the LP record and the tremendous improvement in record quality of recent years. He plunged into hi-fi, and now rearranging his system and listening to music on it take practically all of his spare time. At the time of the interview a dual channel arrangement—two power amplifiers, two speakers—was in operation, with the amplifiers and control units on a small wheeled table used for bringing into front-line position whichever units were to be given the assignment that day.

The predisposition to high fidelity by experience with radio, and the attraction of the long-playing, higher-quality record, are of course, two of the strongest motivations for the high-fidelity movement—both of them not always in the same person, of course. Many writers have pointed out that hi-fi was supplied with a vast army of devotees in the men who learned electronics while in World War II uniforms. This is certainly true. Dr. Illick's—and this writer's—predisposition by radio goes much further back, and this is a general phenomenon. Electronics does hold a special attraction for the American mind.

Another generalization we fearlessly make, after our talks with the doctors, is that they, just like other people, belong to many different subspecies of the high-fidelity family. There is the man who doesn't want to touch the equipment: he hires professionals to put it in. There is the man who spends many, many hours with soldering iron and other tools, creating amplifiers and loudspeaker baffles. And there are all grades in between.

Medicine also, naturally, has examples of the fabled hi-fi type whose profusion and richness of equipment reach wild heights. Here are just a few highlights of the fabulous system of one such Manhattan doctor, who shall be nameless to protect him against unwanted solicitation. (One of the pleasures of writing this article has been the chance to use the beaten-to-death word "fabulous" in a reasonably exact way.)

This engagingly uninhibited doctor has a super system in his home and one in his office. At home are two large loudspeaker systems, one of them in a brick-lined cabinet—this is really "sound," it gives the ultimate in non-resonance. The other speaker cabinet is a corner horn, which resulted when the doctor asked a university physicist to take the design of one of the most splendid speakers on the market, and spare nothing to improve it to the point of perfection. The specifications of this horn, which this writer has not heard, indicate that something superlative has honestly been achieved. Each of the two amplifiers that drive the speakers has four power tubes of a type used in broadcast stations and theatre sound systems, and the specially-built output transformers are nearly as big as suitcases.

In the doctor's office, a corner brick speaker cabinet was built in at the cost of extensive remodelling of the building. Among the loudspeakers used in these enclosures are all the top American makes, and some the doctor made a special trip to England to buy. There is much, much more, but the reader has surely had enough.

The doctor also has one of the largest collections of disc and tape recordings known to me. He enjoys his recordings, and knows when they are being superlatively reproduced. The technical details of his system indicate that he knows what he is doing, or knows very well where to find out.

Thus, we must reject emphatically the notion that the doctor is a misguided fanatic pouring out money to soothe a gadget-madness. On the contrary, what the doctor's beautiful systems clearly indicate is that *if* you have a real ear for music, *if* you have very substantial financial resources, *if* you have a basic rapport with technical matters, and know how to find and use the best professional advice, then you can play this high-fidelity game with great profit and satisfaction at a quite fabulous level.

THE doctor, clearly, *is* in the mainstream in one other important way: he adds his strong bit of evidence of the special linkage between medicine and *music*. As the reader has certainly perceived, we have been moving cautiously around this subject so far, because it does not offer any clear handle to be grasped. We are in the realm of fundamental mysteries. What makes a music lover? Certainly doctors are just as various,

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Paris to Princeton

By ABRAM CHASINS

RECENTLY I wrote about the decline in the art of Romantic piano playing. Although I lamented that decline particularly on behalf of the large literature of keyboard works by Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann, I did not set out to prove that the general level of piano playing today is inferior to the overall standards of former times. Actually, in my opinion, it is far superior, corollary to the upsurge in educational levels and attainments in many other fields and phases of human activity.

Genius is another story. In the full furious flight of imagination the man of genius is unique no matter what his generation. He creates his own world, makes his own laws, and justifies them. He wears a halo and casts a magic spell. There is no arguing with that and one does well to avoid comparisons of incomparables. I am now thinking of that century from about 1825 to 1925 when interpretative giants personified by Paganini and Liszt conquered the world of music lovers. They strode regally across the platform, tossed back their leonine heads, and poured forth hypnotic vibrations of sullen passion and tender compassion, leaving their hearers shaken and swooning. But these were not concerts. They were battles in which heroes marched with banners flying to shattering victories on the fields of the Grand Old Tradition.

For every artist of such caliber there were dozens of others, flourishing fakes who had only the manner, and rode helter-skelter to artistic disaster, violating every esthetic law of taste and textual fidelity en route. I know of only one such who has survived into our generation, an exception to prove that the phony part of the old tradition is gone. Today classic clarity, quiet demeanor, solid scholarship, authority, and craftsmanship of a very high order are the qualities of an extraordinary number of interpreters. And if there are few or virtually none who dwell on the summit, the hills are richly populated with pianists in whom technical skill and intellectual curiosity are at an all-time high. They work and look like successful businessmen and women, possess a powerful grasp of style and form, and exhibit a strict devotion to the text. From their playing we conclude that most of them value knowledge above drama, reverence above passion, and depth of thought above depth of emotion. And they have certainly brought the art of piano playing to a new height of professionalism.

When Robert Casadesus made his first American appearance in 1935 with the New York Philharmonic he was immediately recognized as a distinguished representative of this modern era of pianism. In addition, he was a charming, cultivated, and realistic man. His success has changed him not at all. He has never stopped learning and he has never posed as a prophet. He is a hard worker who loves his work, who continues to cultivate a versatile and adult mind, and who lives a simple, straightforward life centered around a devoted family with home bases in Paris and Princeton.

Mr. Casadesus is not only an executant musician. He teaches and composes, and his playing shows it. No man who has to explain, analyze, and articulate principles of technique and interpretation can ever fail to be a much wiser man after repeated experience of this sort. And one may add that any pupil who aspires to a public career should be told that only a teacher with platform experience as well as pedagogical experience can teach him anything worth learning about audience-reaction, acoustical phenomena, or communication. A composer, naturally, is always the best of musicians because he knows more about the basic materials of music than anyone else.

Celebrating Mr. Casadesus's twentieth concert season in America, Columbia Records has issued his LP Album of three discs containing the bulk of Debussy's piano compositions. It also includes the "Six Epigraphes Antiques" for four hands as well as "En Blanc et Noir" for two pianos, in which the French pianist is joined by his gifted wife Gaby. The assignment is a formidable one, for Debussy's piano style exploits the instrument's maximum resources of dynamics, variety of touch, and combinations of color and pedaling. Further, the French genius of impressionism, that phase of musical reaction against post-romanticism (notably Wagnerianism), discovered new expressive means which demand special concepts of technique and interpretation. They also demand of the interpreter worldly experience coupled with intuition, for their subjects range from legend to literature, from architecture to personalities.

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Mr. Casadesus meets these demands squarely, for he is a scholar who knows the world, a musician and a technician through and through. Clarity and taste are his most impressive qualities. These and his ability to maintain a musical line and a basic tempo. He has individual ideas about Debussy which fit perfectly the framework of his artistry, even though they may not always fit the fullest requirements of the music.

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(*Continued on page* 43)

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"Tamagno of the bull-like chest and iron throat."

FIRST, AND GREATEST OTELLO

By GEORGE JELLINEK

ONE OF the commanding sights in the Turin cemetery is an imposing mausoleum of marble whose majestic outlines stand as a fitting memorial to the towering figure of Francesco Tamagno, Turin's native son, interred there exactly half a century ago. Fifty years have dimmed much of Tamagno's erstwhile glory. He is remembered mainly as the creator of Verdi's "Otello." Collectors still seek his rare and valued original recordings with reverence. Others, not possessing the same perspective, might wonder what all the fuss is about. A few important facts and events, resurrected from the singer's half-forgotten history, may provide the answer.

Francesco Tamagno, of the bull-like chest and iron throat, was born in humble surroundings on December 28, 1850. Rugged outdoor activities (he worked for his innkeeper father in his early years) are said to have contributed to his remarkable physique. His vocal studies at the Turin conservatory were rather uneventful, and his formal debut at the *Teatro Bellini* in Palermo (1874) caused no particular excitement. Yet, within three years he reached the portal of La Scala, where his debut vehicle was Meyerbeer's "L'Africana." His powerful voice and vigorous interpretations won him many early partisans, but the critics were held in check by the many still unformed aspects of his singing. As his repertory grew with "Ernani," "Trovatore," "Don Carlos," "Roi di Lahore," "William Tell," his artistry widened; and a leading Milanese critic, Filippi, found occasion to laud him in 1878 for "the rightness of his singing, the delicacy of his *mezza-voce*, and the impassioned accents that go directly to the heart."

Verdi saw him in "Ernani" (1880) and at the great revival of "Simon Boccanegra" in 1881 (when Tamagno shared the spotlight with Maurel and Edouard de Reszke). In the ensuing years the commanding presence and stentorian tones of Tamagno could hardly be absent from the composer's mind as he gradually evolved the operatic reincarnation of "Othello." Nowhere does the voluminous Verdi correspondence yield definite proof that the part was written with Tamagno in mind. But there could be no other choice. There were many good tenors in Italy—Campanini, Masini, Stagno, to name a few—but none with an "Otello voice." The numerous painstaking rehearsals, held under Verdi's eagle-eyed supervision, transformed this superbly endowed vocalist—but heretofore undistinguished actor—into an overpoweringly convincing interpreter of the Shakespeare-Boïto text, whose impersonation invited comparison with that of the fabulous Salvini.

"Otello's" triumphant 1887 premiere is a matter of history many times retold. After the performance was over thousands of enthusiastic spectators made the pilgrimage to Verdi's hotel. They waited outside, under his balcony, in noisy, feverish anticipation. A festive speech was in order, but none was forthcoming. Instead, out stepped Tamagno, majestically waved silence—and in the next moment the clarion cry of Otello's "Esultate" thundered into the sleeping streets of Milan.

LIFE was not the same for Tamagno after that evening. His fame skyrocketed. The entire world wanted to hear Verdi's chosen Otello. He went to England, South America and to the United States (in 1891, and later in 1894 as a member of the Metropolitan Opera). He received fabulous fees and critical raves—for "Otello." In no other operatic role could he achieve similar acclaim. Audiences admired him in "Trovatore," where he sang the two high C's Verdi never wrote into "Di quella pira" as no tenor ever did before him. The volume and imposing strength of his voice was compared to a volcano by one critic, to a cannon by another. London commentators observed that Covent Garden's crystal chandeliers shivered when he sang. And the veteran American critic, W. J. Henderson, likened the impact of his voice to "the metallic penetrativeness of an eight-inch shell." But his singing astounded rather than impressed. George Bernard Shaw, never at a loss for a quotable phrase, called it "magnificent screaming." Others complained about a persistent nasal quality and an overall lack of "real beauty and charm." A dissenting opinion, however, came from Gatti-Casazza who, in his memoirs, recalled Tamagno's exquisite rendering of "O muto asil" from "William Tell" with perfect *mezza voce*. A minority view, perhaps, but hardly negligible.

After a successful Russian tour during 1897-98 Tamagno's appearances became less frequent. By then an evident decline was becoming noticeable in his vocal powers, accompanied by a growing tendency to sing flat. He made an appearance at the La Scala memorial concert on the occasion of Verdi's death in 1901 (Toscanini conducted, and twenty-eight-year old Enrico Caruso was one of the participants). Thereafter he lived in virtual retirement in his palatial home at Varese, troubled by a heart ailment to which he finally succumbed on August 30, 1905.

The most important event of his

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last years was his recording session of 1903. A special crew of the Gramophone and Typewriter Company (forerunner of HMV) spent three weeks in the Tamagno mansion. He was the first artist to be granted a royalty contract, plus a cash advance of £2,000. To appreciate fully the meaning of this, it is well to remember that Caruso, a young but meteorically rising performer, had received, in the previous year, only 100 pounds in *full* payment for an afternoon session resulting in ten operatic records.

THE TAMAGNO records are, of course, only the faintest echoes of his once tremendous voice. Of about fifteen selections recorded—representing some of his best parts—"Di quella pira" was recently re-issued as the initial selection in RCA Victor's album "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing." With its amazing exhibition of sheer force, occasional grand moments and occasional flats, it is fairly typical of the Tamagno collection as a whole. Only in the "Otello" arias can one admire the artistic ideas, the conception and the supreme authenticity of interpretation, in spite of evident vocal shortcomings.

Had Tamagno been a contemporary of Rubini and Lablache, he too might be remembered as a phenomenon of vocal perfection. Unlike his legendary forerunners, he is still close enough to our time to have left tangible evidence of his limitations. These, however, will not dim his historical significance. We have had many Otellos since he departed. Yet it is doubtful whether even Leo Slezak—more accomplished generally in both singing and acting—ever surpassed the Tamagno portrayal. Others did not really come close. Tamagno's records, faded as they are, give sufficient proof of that. No tenor should undertake the part without a knowledge of these records, for they alone impart the ideas and directions of Verdi himself. To provide the world with such a standard—if only in one work—affords sufficient grounds for recognizing Tamagno as an operatic immortal.

A New Approach to Cabinet Design

By EDGAR M. VILLCHUR

NEXT to trailing wires and open chassis in the living room, probably nothing alienates the fair sex from high-fidelity as much as the "monster" loudspeaker enclosure. The musical results have a pacifying effect, but the peace is often an uneasy one, and the question is raised: "Does it have to be *that* big?"

The answer, short of a wall installation, has unfortunately been yes. This, at any rate, for the pipe-organ devotee who wants to be able to follow the melody in the pedals and to experience the feel of the thirty-two foot stops, for the person unwilling to sacrifice the authentic thump of the bass drum, or for the listener uninterested in bass extremes but demanding that the cello or double bass be true in timbre, unmasked by rain-barrel effects.

The primary reason that a large cabinet has been necessary for proper bass reproduction is fairly simple. The loudspeaker must be "baffled," that is, the front and back of the speaker must be isolated from each other. Without such isolation low-frequency waves tend to cancel out. But if we close off the back of the speaker (as in a small cabinet) we form a springy air cushion, effectively attaching a strong pneumatic spring to the cone and impeding the large vibrations required for bass passages. While loudspeakers do need a certain amount of elasticity in their moving systems, the proper amount has already been built into the cone suspensions. Therefore, we must make sure that the volume of air trapped behind the speaker is large enough to keep from forming a pneumatic spring of any significant strength. Large enclosure size has seemed to be part of the nature of the high-fidelity beast.

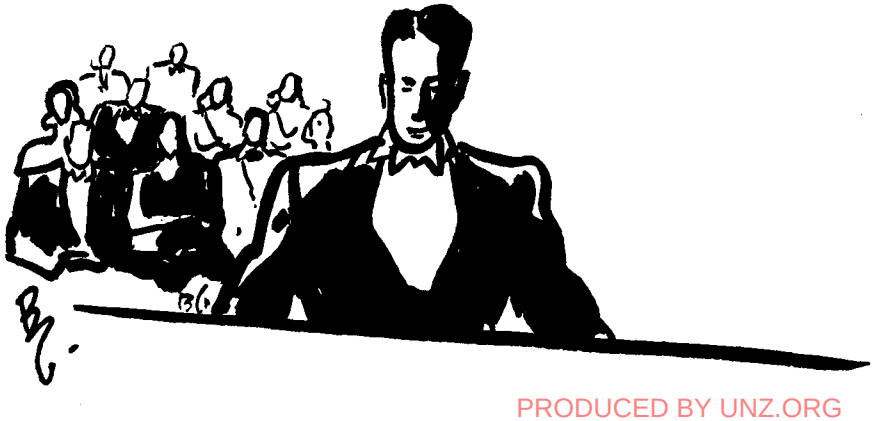
Acoustical engineers have been wrestling with the problem of the speaker cabinet's unwanted air cushion for over twenty years. There have been ingenious designs to reduce cabinet size through the use of resonant devices—the RJ, Baruch-Lang, and Kelton enclosures are examples. All of these, however, are admittedly compromises to some extent, and are not supposed to be compared to full-sized Brociner or Klipsch folded horns or to Wharfedale sand-filled corner cabinets.

ABOUT two years ago I thought of a new approach to the problem of what to do with the air of the speaker cabinet. Why not *use* the springy air cushion behind the cone, that is, design a system which actually needs it?

I conceived of a speaker purposely lacking in normal mechanical springiness, a crippled unit, so to speak, which would not work properly in a conventional enclosure. The system would be completed by housing this "defective" unit in a small, sealed box, the pneumatic spring of the enclosed air substituting for the decimated springiness of the speaker itself. It appeared that there was nothing to lose and much to be gained. Reduction of cabinet size without sacrifice of quality was the least of the indicated dividends—the inherently superior quality of the pneumatic spring promised a large reduction in bass distortion. (Values of speaker bass distortion accepted as unavoidable have been grossly higher than the corresponding values for amplifiers.)

I put my design on paper and applied some basic quantitative analysis. My paper "speaker," in an enclosure one-fourth the usual size, appeared to have potentialities for bass performance which exceeded that of the larger systems. This was, of course, exciting, and I built the first experimental model. The inside volume of the enclosure was dictated by the equations—once certain design characteristics had been decided on there was no choice in making it either larger or smaller than 1.7 cubic feet for a twelve-inch speaker.

The "acoustic suspension" principle worked; I filed a patent application and made arrangements for production. To my own satisfaction, at least, the monster had been caged.



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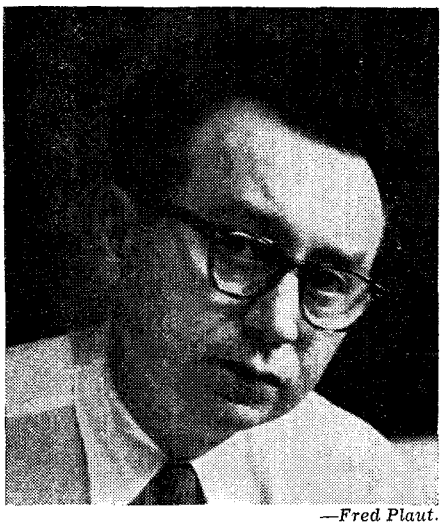
SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Americana Without Tears



—*Fred Plaut.*

Persichetti—"stunning piano virtuosity."

AN ABUNDANCE of newly recorded American music has provided the material for unusual summer-listening. Along with the usual Americana from smaller companies, Columbia has issued more chamber music, and there has been a steady supply from the Louisville Orchestra of its new monthly subscription recordings. Quite an assortment, all in all, but, in the listening, surprisingly unproblematic — which may indicate a current musical trend or, more likely, the type of American music that stands the better chance of being recorded.

Four of the American works are symphonies, among them Piston's Fourth, which is almost Mendelssohnian in its good humor and admirable proportion (Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Columbia ML-4992). It is quite a leap from the charming first theme and generally unforced quality to the massive finale, and I somewhat regret the intrusion. But, even Mendelssohn's finales break the spell. Piston merely follows the tradition of an emphatic close. Schuman's Sixth Symphony on the reverse side offers complete contrast. Its extended one movement purposely dissipates our sense of balanced parts and suggests a tragic plot, recalling the composer's neurotic ballet score, "Undertow." It is compelling music. Without mighty orchestral forces Schuman manages somewhat less well in "Voyage," five piano pieces (Columbia ML-4987). Copland's piano style is suggested, but in Beveridge Webster's performance this music has much that is absorbing.

Copland's piano style may also have inspired Persichetti's Concerto for piano, four hands, without orchestra (Columbia ML-4989). But the influence is absorbed, and while slow passages sometimes lag, the music gathers momentum in stunning piano virtuosity (the composer and his wife are the masterful performers). Persichetti brilliantly exploits the device of *perpetuum mobile* so rarely encountered nowadays.

A symphonist with William Schuman's drive and feeling for a large canvas, but with a nimbleness of his own, is rapidly developing in the person of Peter Mennin. His Sixth Symphony (Louisville 545-3) has touches of lyricism checking the impulse to zoom boldly up and down, until the finale where it becomes unconditionally frantic. Another symphony recorded in Louisville is Cowell's Eleventh, "Seven Rituals of Music" (545-2). Hissed in the Twenties for his experiments, Cowell seems now to be reacting by actually coddling his audience with short movements illustrating quite literally a sleeping child, work, love, play, magic, war dance and death. His "Toccanta" (no typographical slip), a vocalise for soprano and three instruments, is another of his milder works (Columbia ML-4986). The Louisville performance of Cowell's symphony has also been issued commercially by Columbia (ML-5039) which has not ceased, even though Louisville now has its own recording project, to bring out some of the many works commissioned by the enterprising Kentucky orchestra under a Rockefeller Foundation Grant. The Columbia LP with the Cowell also carries Ibert's "Louisville" Concerto. It starts promisingly in neo-classic ballet style but disintegrates with a bluesy theme. On the same record is Creston's "Invocation and Dance," recommended to those who have room for another hyper-Impressionist work with elements of the "Bolero." Creston is represented in Columbia's chamber series by a Sonata for saxophone and piano (coupled with Persichetti), salon music of French genre flavored with American popular music of the "sweet" genre.

Other couplings on the Columbia LPs already mentioned are Virgil Thomson's Handelian String Quartet No. 2 with "Voyage" and music of Carl Ruggles with "Toccanta." After the conventionality of most of this American music, the densely dissonant chromaticism of Ruggles (in "Lilacs" and "Portals" for strings and "Evocations" for piano) is refreshing at first. But as we listen we find that though notes are carefully selected and sonorities ingeniously spaced, the gesture is over and over again essentially the same—a somewhat Tristanesque gesture, pretty hard to endure as we reach the end of "Evocations" (played by John Kirkpatrick). The Columbia series also includes a coupling of Lopatnikoff and Glanville-Hicks (ML-4990) who are further represented on new LPs by works for larger media—Lopatnikoff by a Concertino for orchestra (Columbia Symphony, Bernstein conducting, Columbia ML-4996) and Glanville-Hicks by a portion of her opera, "The Transposed Heads" (Louisville 545-6, two LPs). Lopatnikoff, a first-class musician, American by adoption but Russian by origin, moves with consummate ease in an idiom bearing some affinity to Prokofieff's. His Concertino is sparkling and appealing. It would be unfair to judge an opera from an incomplete performance or, since its stage action offers so many possibilities, without seeing it mounted. But I find it odd that while Miss Glanville-Hicks is quoted on the sleeve of her Columbia LP as regarding "atonalism and neo-classicism . . . old-fashioned and a bore" and as having explored Oriental materials to arrive at a "new" concept, both her opera and Sonata for piano and percussion seem very mild in terms of the exoticism of, say, Stravinsky's "Noces." Her exoticism is precariously close to Hollywood's or MacDowell's.

"The Transposed Heads" is conducted by Moritz Bomhard, but the other Louisville commissions are under the direction of Robert Whitney, who does yeoman's service in preparing some forty premieres a year. Of those recorded under the Louisville subscription project only a fraction have been mentioned. Summary treatment is as much as I can give some of the others: Gardner Read's "Toccata Giocoso," fertile in its orchestral invention and tremolo effects, and much the best work from his pen that I know; Riegger's Variations for piano and orchestra, reflecting his customary soundness and achieving surprising playfulness for twelve-tone music; Tcherepnine's Suite, rather naive but sincere, in a Russian tradition that the composer is perfectly justified in pursuing in view of his origin, and Rhapsodic Variations for Tape Recorder and Orchestra by Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, an early experiment in so-called "concrete" music which has many possibilities yet to be explored. With respect to the last

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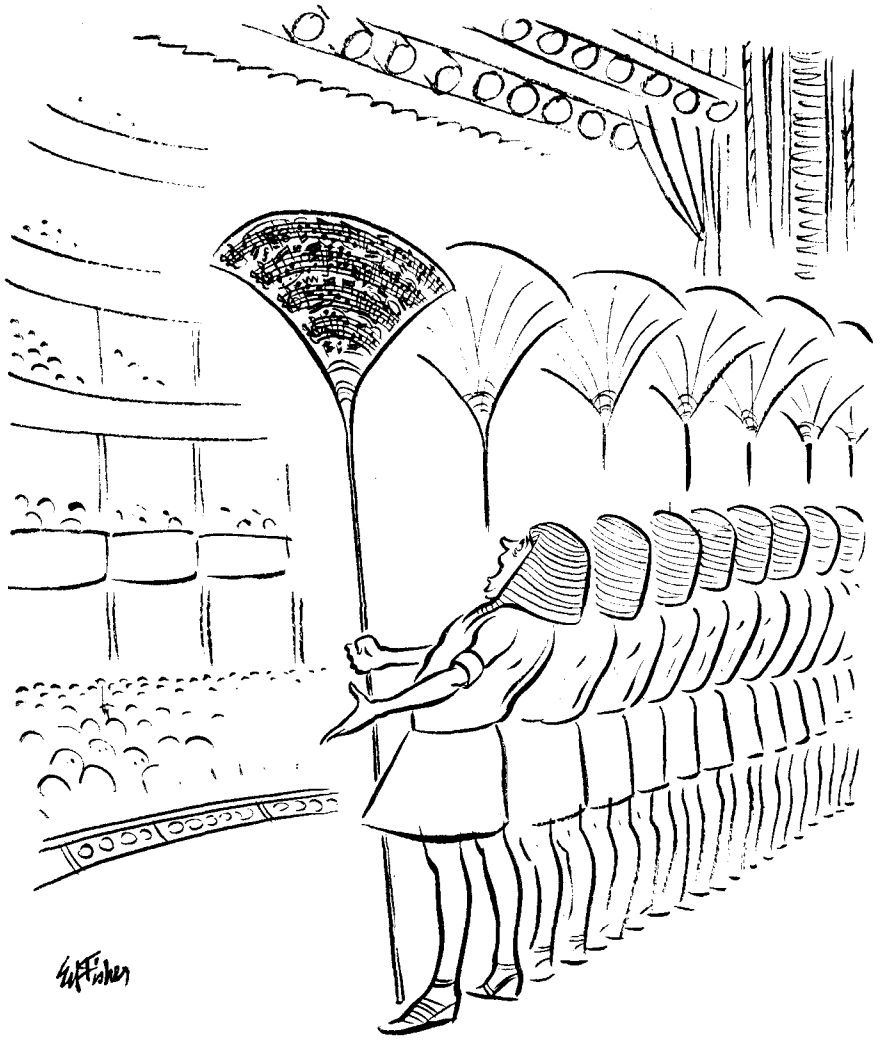

work, I am not convinced that sounds produced synthetically mix with those of the conventional orchestra or that two composers may successfully write one work. The "tapesichord" sonorities merely invest the orchestra with a familiar Impressionistic halo. I prefer the results achieved by Luening and Ussachevsky in "Sonic Contours" for tape alone which have been issued by Innovations, and I think the little pieces in which each composer has worked separately are the best.

It is gratifying to see Richard Donovan receiving attention at last (Mercury MG-40013). "New England Chronicle" (Eastman-Rochester Symphony, Hanson conducting) seems to me more solid than Porter's Poem and Dance, filling out the side. But both works have more to offer than "Tres Himnos" of Wells Hively, on the reverse side. Donovan's rhythmic and contrapuntal devices suggest Hindemith, but he has a quality of his own, as well as a drive and expertness not to be found in many a more touted composer's works. Hindemith's influence is also apparent in the Serenade for oboe, horn and string quartet by the California composer, Leonard Ratner (Music Library 7023), but this is a young man with much more than average talent and resourcefulness.

One of the most distinguished of the newly recorded works is Haieff's string quartet (Columbia ML-4988). At first it seems almost inoffensive in its evocation of Brahms, but as a variety of striking elements, abruptly clipped, follow one another it becomes clear one is in the presence of an unusual personality. Barber's "Hermit" Songs, performed on the reverse side by Leontyne Price with the composer at the piano, are pleasant and highly musical, but they are coy at times, and outside of the accompaniment figure for "Praises of God," there are few surprises. In this profusion of, for the most part, wholly unfamiliar music, twenty-four songs by Ives, performed by Helen Boatwright, had the character of classics for this listener (Overtone 7). As always with Ives, the variance in quality is considerable, but the choice on the whole was quite good.

—Arthur Berger.

Russian Hit Parade

Footlight Favorites: *From Behind the Iron Curtain. Leading Soloists and Theatre Orchestras of Moscow,* CRLP-167, $3.98.

Russian Tangos. *Peter Leshtchenko With His Orchestra; Leonid Utiosov With His Orchestra;* CRLP-169, $3.98.

FIRST OF ALL I must say that, illuminating as it is, the information given on the sleeves of these recordings about the general education of Russian musicians, their classification, and the ways the Musicians' Union manages their careers has nothing whatsoever to do, as far as I can see, with either these selections or the performers.

"Footlight Favorites" includes enough waltzes to last you a long time, particularly if you are not an outdoor, brass-band type of man. If, on the other hand, these numbers were selected not merely for your entertainment but for their documentary value, a sort of survey of the popular music favored by a Soviet citizen, then they can serve as proof that he is apt to go for numbers of old vintage, *i.e.*, pre-World War I, and even for one hit that dates back to the Russo-Japanese War.

Shostakovich enthusiasts may be surprised to see his name among the composers of popular music. He strayed in, no doubt, via his "Polka from the Golden Age" (with the composer at the piano), a recording well-known in this country, the waltz from the film the "Golden Hills," an example of his ability to write un-Shostakovich music, and "Tahiti Trot," "Tea for Two" *à la* Shostakovich.

The "Russian Tangos" do not have a single selling point, I regret to say. Whoever was looking for new tangos does not know geography. Or is it again another documentary example? In that case, let me warn you, they resemble quick marches, or a German *Ländler*, danced in wooden shoes imported from Holland. Peter Leshtchenko and Leonid Utiosov must be the Russian crooners, and since the lyrics are taken from well-known popular songs (as old as the waltzes) these men in the most masochistic fashion bewail the fate of a deserted lover, always wishing "to suffer, to cry, and to die."

But those who fortunately do not understand the language unfortunately are not saved from the monotony of the music and will give a sigh of relief when they come to the end of the last number, "My Last Tango," appropriately with an accent on *go* in Russian.

—Victor Seroff.

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Recordings in Review

Orff and Goltz

ORFF: *"Antigonae" (Scenes IV and V). Christel Goltz, Hermann Uhde, Josef Greindl, and Hilde Roessl-Majdan, with Heinrich Hollreiser conducting.* Columbia ML-5038, $5.95.

STRAUSS: *"Salome" (Final Scene), etc. Christel Goltz, with Ferdinand Leitner, conductor.* Decca DL-9778, $4.98.

A VIVID MEMORY of a production of "Antigonae" (with much this same cast) seen in Munich in 1953 was the long barrage of percussion and piano laid down in the first forty-five minutes of the total two-and-a-half-hour attack on the nervous system. That, of course, is lacking in this recording of the concluding hour or so of the work; which is all preparatory to saying that if anyone regards the sounds on this disc as exacerbating he literally doesn't know the half of it.

Well, these are exacerbating times, and if Orff is not the spokesman of the age, he makes a very convincing case for himself. Listening to this much of "Antigonae" with the German text (much of it well-translated, some of the English grievously condensed) intensifies mightily the dramatic and poetic purpose of the writing. Certainly Antigonae's long lament "O grave! O nuptial bower!" is a marvelously sustained vocal expression, and the final scene for Creon is tragic declamation of the first order.

Generally speaking, Orff's procedure has something in common with the *Sprechstimme* of Schoenberg, but its freedom from the doctrinaire procedures of the twelve-tone system enormously enhances its appeal to the general ear. Unexpected rises and falls abound, but somehow they fit into a frame of melodic purpose. It may be, basically, because the impulse is diatonic rather than chromatic that Orff has finally succeeded in getting music away from the "Tristan" trend into a new area of free development . . . but these are merely hypotheses, pending opportunity for much deeper study.

Inasmuch as the personnel of this disc participated in the Salzburg premiere of 1949 and in sundry performances since, they may be regarded as representative in their roles. In the instance of Goltz (Antigonae) and Uhde (Creon), one cannot readily imagine their superiors, for it is a part that suits her abilities flawlessly, and he is equally expert in his role. The superb clarity of the recording offers one more good reason for Orff's personal endorsement of the whole project.

For Goltz fans, the Decca record of recent issue is obviously a must. Not alone in versatility (Gluck, Weber, Beethoven, and Goetz as well as Strauss) but also in virtuosity, it defines the lady as a kind of Central European Callas, with a free-ranging top and a vocal line like a surgical incision. However, I find it all a little sculptural and cold, lacking in true expressiveness or dramatic impact. To judge from the varied sound of the voice—rather youthful and mellow in "Abscheulicher" from "Fidelio," chrome-hard and shiny in the final scene of "Salome"—the excerpts span a good part of her recent career. The conductors and orchestras, in addition to Leitner, are Robert Heger and the Bavarian State, in the "Fidelio," "Oberon," and "Taming of the Shrew" excerpts, Arthur Rother and the RIAS Symphony in the "Alceste."

Rosenberg of Sweden

ROSENBERG: *Symphony No. 3. Tor Mann conducting the Stockholm Symphony Orchestra.* London LL-944, $3.98.

LONDON'S PRIVATE "exchange" program which has brought to attention the worthwhile works of Carl Nielsen from Denmark and some not so worthwhile ones from Belgium has yielded a new name of interest in the appearance of Hilding Rosenberg's Symphony No. 3. "New" here is, of course, merely relative, for Rosenberg is sixty plus, and this work dates from 1939. Nevertheless, it is a fresh musical personality he presents, and one conveyed through an impressive mastery of orchestral writing.

The broad strokes with which Rosenberg draws his musical images, the strong contrasts of dynamic and rhythmic patterns have an inherent drama satisfying in tonal terms without reference to a literary background or "scenario." Nevertheless, it is of some interest to know that Romain Roland's "Jean Christophe" was the starting point for this work subtitled "The Four Ages of Man," and that key passages from that epical novel were recited before each of the movements when the score was first performed. They were, however, not included in Rosenberg's published score, nor is their absence a deprivation.

David Drew's informative annotation notes the influence of Sibelius on his Scandinavian neighbor, but it is no more—to this ear—than the effect of that imposing personality on other members of the symphonic community: Vaughan Williams, Nielsen, our own Copland, and Hanson. Tor Mann's emphatic direction and the stunning reproduction of the Stockholm Symphony's fine performance make abundantly clear the rank of Rosenberg as a composer deserving much wider celebrity than he enjoys.

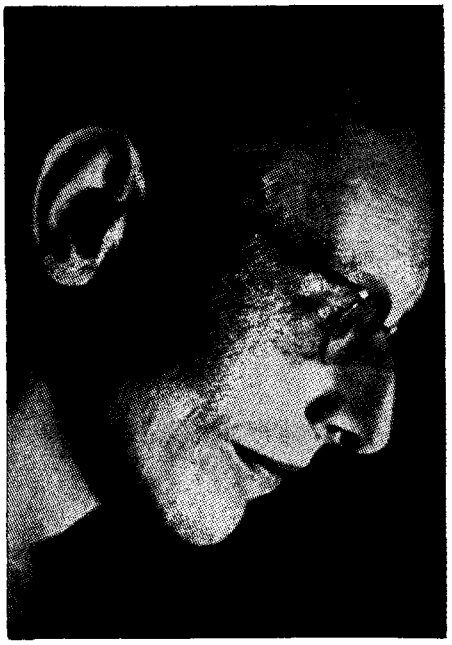
Beecham's Elgar

ELGAR: *"Enigma" Variations, "Cockaigne" overture, and "Serenade for Strings." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia ML-5031, $4.98.

CONTRARY TO THE implications of a famous Beecham anecdote (in which he likened an Elgar symphony to one of London's less sightly railroad stations), there are some works of his late compatriot for which he has not only respect but affection. It may be that they are all contained on this disc; in any case, it is another in the series of excellent ones we have recently had from his hand.

It may be merely coincidence, but it is worth noting that this is the third "Enigma" from English sources (Sirs Malcolm Sargent and Adrian Boult have already had their say on the subject) since the appearance of Arturo Toscanini's on RCA Victor LM-1725. If this is meant as an implied rebuke to "the Italian," we can only say in our unknighted way that all the queen's men can't change our minds as to which "Enigma" appeals most.

Beecham's, indubitably, is a beautiful accomplishment, and it proceeds with many niceties of articulation which suggest that he is dispensing a



Orff—"these are exacerbating times."

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conception from highly authoritative sources. It may be truly in the English character to understate slightly the superb "Nimrod" variation (No. IX) as he does, but certainly there is, in the score, all the eloquence that Toscanini finds there. It is this kind of fine distinction that prevails throughout, with Beecham especially penetrating in those sections founded on finesse (the "Dorabella" for example). Certainly No. XIII, with its quotation from Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" makes more consistent musical sense in the Beecham treatment.

For those to whom the "Cockaigne" overture and "Serenade for Strings" are relatively unfamiliar Elgar, these are introductory performances of ideal quality. Others will be hard-pressed to recall when they have been so attractively presented . . . the "Cockaigne," indeed, presents us not only with an impressive likeness of Elgar, but also of Sir Thomas himself: exuberant, forthright, yet full of feeling. Fine sound throughout.

Critic's Choice by Hume

RACHMANINOFF: *"O Cease Thy Singing Maiden Fair," John McCormack, tenor, with Fritz Kreisler, violin, etc.* RCA Victor LCT-1158, $3.98.

PAUL HUME'S addition to what seems now destined to become an RCA Victor series is eminently personal and as "choice" as one's agreement with his picks rates it. Having had some slight indoctrination in this kind of thing, I know that there are bound to be some favorite records of one's own which will scarcely charm the ears of others, that one must hope that a sufficient roundness of taste has been served to give a generally affirmative answer.

In this collection, I would accept, with Hume, the McCormack-Kreisler "O Cease thy singing Maiden fair," the Kipnis "Erlkönig," Raisa's "Suicidio," Chaliapin's version with the Russian Metropolitan Church (of Paris) of Gretchaninoff's "Glory to Thee O Lord," the Bernac-Poulenc "C", and Schumann-Heink's "Weihnachten" as composed in equal parts of the vocal art and the personal projection to make them "choice." This adds up to just six of the twelve, which may or may not be significant. The borderline is challenged by Mary Garden's "Resurrection" excerpt, Povla Frijsh's version of the Wylie-Thompson "Velvet Shoes," and Toti dal Monte's "Sul fil d'un soffio etesio" (from "Falstaff").

For the rest, the Margherita Perras "Martern aller arten" ("Entführung") is strongly sung but, for me, a little wanting in imagination, the Elisabeth Schumann excerpt from the St. Matthew Passion ("Aus liebe will mein Heiland sterben") doesn't appeal, and the inclusion of Samuel Barber's 1937 recording of his own "Dover Beach" strikes me as stretching just a bit for a novelty value. The music is not distinguished Barber, and the voice of Barber is not a distinguished baritone.

On balance, Hume has compiled a collection containing much good singing, and some that is great. Vocal enthusiasts, if not others, will welcome the restoration of six, eight, or nine of the items, at least, to currency, and listen with curiosity, no doubt, to the others. If Victor can afford to underwrite further memory books compiled by musical journalists, I, for one, am all out in encouragement.

Wide, WIDE "Oklahoma!"

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN: *"Oklahoma!" Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, Gene Nelson, etc. with Jay Blackton conducting.* Capitol SAO 595, $5.95.

OTHERS MAY PUT their preference where they will, but for me the music produced in this country during the last dozen years which most reasonably deserves that much misused word "inspired" is contained in the grooves of this disc. A derivative of the film soon to be seen in screens wide if not far, it attempts the most difficult feat imaginable—to conjure up the kind of charm and exhilaration conveyed by Alfred Drake, Celeste Holm, Lee Dixon, Joan Roberts, and all the others of that remarkable original company, to evict nostalgia and create a new frame of reality for these wonderful tunes.

Rodgers and Hammerstein are capable of many miracles, but they hardly can turn back the clock and blank out those memories. On the other hand if one concedes that "Oklahoma!" must, sooner or later, come to life in the changed medium of the cinema, they have come very close—in the purely musical dimension, at least—to creating a new tradition by which other, younger performers of the future may be measured. A creation of this magnitude must, of necessity, have a cyclic life, and if some of us remain loyal to the way it sounded back when it was new, we can hardly deny the jubilation, freshness, and love-of-the-job-in-hand conveyed by its first cinema cast.

First honors belong unquestionably to MacRae, who has outdone himself in his singing of Curly's music. A fine voice, a steady appreciation of textual niceties, and a reasonably unpretentious manner are all to his credit. Charlotte Greenwood, heard at last in her pre-destined part of Aunt Eller, is the most expert of the others, Gene Nelson an able Will, Gloria Grahame and Shirley Jones of variable appeal as Ado Annie and Laurey (cast importance becomes somewhat confused in the ordination of names decreed by star status).

Soundwise, this is undoubtedly the loudest brass-over-strings "Oklahoma!" ever perpetrated. Robert Russell Bennett has redrawn his original orchestrations to suit the needs of the theatres in which the film will be shown. Indeed, there are moments when one expects a procession of Wagner's *Meistersinger* to come on, rather than a mere group of farmhands. But Jay Blackton's sense of balance is often enough with him for the results to dazzle rather than merely bedazzle. Chances are that "Oklahoma!" will wind up with an Oscar for sound engineering alone, which means that our favorite millionaires have not lost the Midas touch.

Paray's "Pastorale"

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 in F ("Pastorale"). Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury MG-50045, $4.98.

LONG YEARS ago (1935), before Paul Paray had any physical identity with music-making in this country, a French-made version of his conducting of the "Pastorale" symphony stimulated a considerable esteem for his musicianship. It was, in fact, good enough for one contemporary judge to rate it as the "most poetic" interpretation among a group involving performances by Toscanini, Weingartner, and other eminent conductors.

Whatever the factors involved—a higher standard of competition now than then, a reaction by Paray to the influence of several years as the conductor of an American orchestra—this performance is not consistently in the vein of the previous one. The "Scene by the Brook" is beautifully formulated, with ease and the suitably relaxed flexibility, but it is hard to believe that Paray really conceives the opening section (*Allegro ma non troppo* is the marking) as quite the nervously agitated section it sounds in this performance. The subsequent movements are much more satisfactory.

In its other aspects the performance is a handsome tribute to the progress Paray has made in molding the Detroit ensemble to his concept of orchestral execution. The ensemble is excellent throughout, the playing of the many solo passages consistently good. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Alpaerts: "James Ensor Suite." Belgian National Orchestra conducted by Louis Weemaels. Legley: Suite. Same, conducted by Fernand Quinet. London LL-874, $3.98.	Neither of these works by Belgian composers is of "international" quality, though the Legley suite has more ingenuity and style than the movieish illuminations by Alpaerts of paintings by Ensor. Nor does the quality of orchestral playing measure to the better phonographic standards; moreover, the reproduced sound is tubby and dull.
Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 2 and 8. Hermann Scherchen conducting. Westminster WL-5362, $5.95.	Two vital performances by Scherchen, especially of the second (the last of the "Haydn" symphonies), which ranks with Beecham's for zest and understanding. The eighth is a mite ponderous now and then, but otherwise an excellent discmate for the second. Big open sound.
Britten: "A Simple Symphony." Eugene Goossens conducting the New Symphony Orchestra. London LD-9184, $2.98.	The twenty-year-old Britten's affectionate exposition of ideas originally put on paper when a schoolboy gathers in interest and charm as it progresses, a happy state for any work. Some early suggestions of Prokofiev's "Classical" are effaced by a really Brittenish slow movement and finale. Goossens's feeling for the score is in every respect apt, and the orchestra response can only be called superb. Fine sound.
Dvorak: Symphony in E minor ("New World"). Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster YL-5370, $5.95.	So much detail, so clearly expounded, should add to a better total impression. However, when Rodzinski has finished ringing changes on inner voices and subordinate figurations, and the engineers have dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's, the spirit of Dvorak has been all but submerged. I do not like the string sound favored here by Westminster nor the isolation of individual lines to the disadvantage of orchestral texture.
Glazounow: "Ruses d'Amour"; "Valses de Concert Nos. 1 and 2." Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, N. Golovanov conducting. Colosseum CRLP-165, $3.98.	A variety of melodic sweetmeats, with more solid nourishment in the two fairly well-known waltzes than in the more elaborate ballet. All the music is energetically presented by Golvanov, but the recording is overloaded on the high end.
Handel: Double Concerto in F. Hans van Benda conducting the Berlin Chamber Orchestra. Telefunken LGM-65022, $2.98.	A collection of miscellaneous items made into a suite by Handel and scored for two ensembles of oboes, horns, and bassoons, plus a string orchestra. The results would be more appealing if the true sonorities of the ensemble were audible, rather than the approximation of them in this dullish recording.
Karlowicz: Concerto, Op. 8. Halina Barinova, violin, with K. Kondrashin conducting. Szymanowski: Sonata in D minor. David Oistrakh, violin, with V. Yampolsky, piano. Colosseum CRLP-190, $3.98.	Were the identity of the performers reversed, one might have an even higher opinion of the Karlowicz concerto, which is close to the Glazounow quality (the composer died in 1909). Barinova plays it very capably, though the drive of Oistrakh would doubtless give impetus to some passages now lacking in force. His statement of the Szymanowski is big, incisive, and lyrically satisfying, testifying anew to the underrated qualities of this solid composer. The sonata is better recorded than the concerto, though still short of the quality in the more recent Oistrakh-Yampolsky version on Angel.
Kodály: "Psalmus Hungaricus," "Marosszek Dances." RIAS Symphony Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay conducting. Decca DL-9773, $4.98.	The best recording to date of Kodály's superb choral work, strongly conveyed by Fricsay and with a superior tenor for the solo part in Ernst Häfliger. The orchestral work on side two is also impressively well done. Both are reproduced in the best Deutsche Grammophon manner which is to say that few exaggerations are espoused, few details ignored.
Massenet: "Werther" (Prelude and "Nuit de Noël"). Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. Albert Wolff conducting the Conservatoire Orchestra. London LD-9171, $2.98.	Wolff conducts his Massenet with a strong sense of style, appropriate warmth, and an uncommon highlighting of the orchestral texture. The Liszt, however, is erratic in tempi, not very convincing in spirit. Both are uncommonly acute in reproduced sound.
Mendelssohn: Symphony in A minor ("Scotch"). Sir Eugene Goosens conducting the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (Sydney) Orchestra. RCA Victor Bluebird LBC-1089, $2.98.	Broad, well-phrased performance by the excellent ABC orchestra, with the qualities of sensitivity and musicianship which have attended Goosens's work, wherever done. The recording is a bit swollen in resonance, but otherwise of fine quality.
Rossini: "Tancredi" and six other overtures. Mario Rossi conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Vanguard VRS-456, $4.98.	An attractive and enjoyable collection of Rossini no less for the side that contains the aggreeably unfamiliar "Journey to Rheims" and "Turk in Italy" overtures than for the one offering "Cenerentola," "Italian in Algiers," and "Semiramide." Rossi has a sure hand for the idiom, and if he does not draw sparks with every accent, he does not overstress the obvious either. Excellent reproduction of able orchestral playing (though not of NBC-Toscanini or Royal Philharmonic-Beecham *lux* class).
Strauss: "Dance Suite after Couperin." Erich Kloss conducting the Frankenland State Symphony. Lyrichord LL-58, $5.95.	A precise, well-phrased performance of this attractive score would be worth having, but the current offering only occasionally suits the need. The instruments are too indefinite in pitch, the timbres insufficiently exact to meet minimum requirements in listening pleasure. Of itself, the Kloss performance is no more than diligent.
Tchaikovsky: "Fantasy," Op. 56. Tatiana Nikolayeva, piano, with USSR Orchestra conducted by K. Kondrashin. Babajanian: "Heroic Ballad." Arno Babajanian, piano, with Nathal Rachlin conducting. Classic Editions CE-3007, $5.95.	There are abundant ideas in these works for four solo-orchestral scores, but neither composer was fully master of his craft at the time of writing. Tchaikovsky's is distinguished by a bittersweet slow movement which admirers of his art will relish, Babajanian's by a liberal response to the influences of Rachmaninoff and Gershwin, not to say his elder compatriot Khatchaturian. The composer-pianist is a more confident, forceful interpreter than his discmate, though she manages capably. The Babajanian score (a Stalin Prize-winner in 1951) is above the norm of Soviet recording, the Tchaikovsky slightly below.
Vivaldi: "The Seasons." Guido Cantelli conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, John Corigliano, solo violin. Columbia ML-5044, $4.98.	Cantelli's initial recording with the Philharmonic-Symphony is musically sober, mechanically suave, and highly creditable to the performing personnel. However, the excellencies are largely concerned with externals. The true drama and fantasy of Vivaldi are occasionally conveyed (best of all in the lento near the end of section IV, "Winter"), but the concern with detail takes precedence over a convincing statement of the whole. Superbly faithful reproduction. —I. K.

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Paris-Princeton

Continued from page 34

tecture in "La Cathédrale engloutie" with its two climaxes, the second usually emerging as a disappointing anticlimax; the crystalline impishness of "La danse de Puck"; the rhythmic exactness and pliable texture of "Les tierces alternées"; the sharp pianistic display of whirling sparks and soaring rockets in "Feux d'artifice."

Debussy's renunciation of Romanticism was as the revolt of the child against a loved parent whose influence can never be eradicated. It is precisely in the interpretation of this aspect of Debussy's art that the modern school of playing leaves one yearning for "les sons et les parfums" of sensuousness, suggestion, incense, and poignant expressivity. And for mercurial irony and piquancy, too. Such atmospheric subtleties and emotional opulence are in shorter supply than the pianistic brilliance and musical maturity which Casadesus brings to "Estampes," "Images," and particularly to the captivating "Children's Corner" and to a scintillating performance of "L'Isle joyeuse."

Perhaps that is why I hold his recorded collection of Ravel's piano music issued some three years ago in higher esteem, for Casadesus's precision, suavity, and fastidiousness are better applied to the music of the neo-classic master whose equilibrium was of that order which posed clear-cut problems and admitted of no ambivalences. Casadesus is an expert and authoritative interpreter of Ravel despite one of the severest handicaps which can befall an interpreter: he was a close friend of the composer. "The Swiss watchmaker" (Stravinsky's name for Ravel) found in Casadesus a powerful and lucid protagonist, with special affinity for "Miroirs," "Gaspard de la Nuit," and "Le Tombeau de Couperin." The pianist richly deserves the Grand Prix du Disque recently awarded him for this album.

Nevertheless, I reserve my all-out enthusiasms for Mr. Casadesus as the interpreter par excellence from the first to the last impeccable notes of the Liszt A major concerto and Weber F minor "Konzertstück" (for which George Szell provides the perfect conductorial answer to a soloist's prayers), and the Saint-Saëns C minor concerto (with superb support from Artur Rodzinski). Casadesus's identity with this music is complete, and the coloristic variety of orchestral instruments and warm expressiveness of string sound form the happy compliments to his other admirable artistic amenities.

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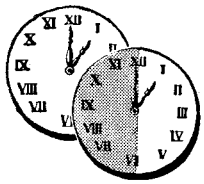

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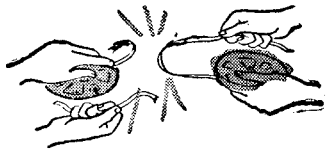

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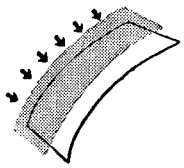

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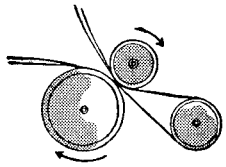

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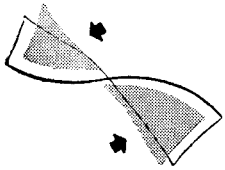

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in B flat (opus 106) and E major (opus 109). István Nádas, pianist. Period SPL-718, $4.98.	This Hungarian born pianist (now identified with Xavier University, La.) does more than play the notes of these works, though that is a sizeable task in itself. I find him a more convincing performer in the lyric E major than in the dramatic "Hammerklavier," suggesting that he might be most at home in some Schumann literature. The piano recording is well abreast of contemporary standards.
Brahms: Sonatas 1 and 2 (opus 38, opus 99). Tibor de Machula, cello, with Timo Mikkila, piano. Epic LC-3133, $3.98.	The long-standing belief that these are works essentially for the cello-minded is not contravened by anything in these performances. De Machula is a first-class artist on his instrument (he is first cellist of the Concertgebouw Orchestra), but he doesn't deliver enough impact or expressiveness to alter the prevailing grayness of thought and texture in the writing. Good recording.
Chopin: Etudes in A minor, G sharp minor, B minor, etc. Josef Lhevinne, piano. Camden CAL-265, $1.98.	Most of the not-too-extensive Lhevinne repertory, including two Chopin preludes and the A flat polonaise as well as Debussy's "Fêtes" and Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltz" with the second piano played by wife Rosina. The execution throughout is of the highest caliber, and those who recall the etudes as originally released will find them here even glossier as enhanced for re-issue. Highly individual in thought as well as masterful in mechanics. A bargain, without question.
Debussy: "Le Promenoir des Deux Amants," "En Sourdine," and "Fantoches," etc. Irma Kolassi, mezzo, with André Collard, piano. London LD-9176, $2.98.	Calmly beautiful singing by the able Kolassi of some of the finest vocal material in the Debussy catalogue. However, her manner is a little stolid and unvaried for matter of such emotional and poetic range. Collard's participation is expert, the recording decidedly good.
Grieg: "Lyric Pieces," Books 1 and 2. Menahem Pressler, piano. MGM E-3196, $3.98.	Grieg's melodious pleasantries can be given reasonably convincing shape by the application of skilled fingers alone, as Pressler demonstrates; but it doesn't hurt to have higher faculties at work, as Gieseking has exemplified in his Columbia excerpts. Here they are mostly absent, so that the shape of the music is suggested but not its content. Fine piano sound.
Kreisler: "Allegretto in the style of Boccherini," etc. William Primrose, viola. Camden CAE 244, $.79 [45 rpm].	Some of the best viola playing ever put on discs, including the "Andante Cantabile" of Tchaikovsky, a Myronoff "Caprice," a K.P.E. Bach "Solfeggietto" etc. The sound of the 1940 Primrose tone is not as richly reproduced as it would be today, but it is more than tolerable. David Stimer and Joseph Kahn share the accompaniments.
Liszt: Sonata in B minor, Etude in D flat, "Mephisto" waltz, and "La Campanella." Geza Anda, piano. Angel 35127, $4.98.	An uneven exhibition of Anda's redoubtable pianistic art, best in the sustained passages of the sonata (which is sometimes dramatized with a power reminiscent of the early Horowitz) and the D flat etude. Elsewhere, especially in the "Mephisto" waltz, the sound tends to be brittle and without the true brilliance wanted. "La Campanella" comes off very well. Variable sound, as indicated.
Puccini: "Manon Lescaut" ("Sola, Perduta, Abbandonata"), etc. Licia Albanese, other soprani. RCA Victor LM-1909, $3.98.	A preview of RCA's forthcoming complete version of the Puccini opera, introducing a collection called "Ten Sopranos, Ten Arias," as successor to the tenor ten previously issued. In addition to Albanese's passionate delivery of Manon's outburst, the disc includes such choice matter as Bori's "Mi Chiamano Mimi," Ponselle's "Casta diva," and the "Liebestod" as sung by Flagstad in the complete "Tristan" led by Furtwängler. However, the version by Rethberg of "Dove Sono" will not englamour her memory. The recording is variable, spanning recording techniques from Galli-Curci's "Sempre libera" to Traubel's "Du bist der Lenz." Lehmann, de los Angeles, and Milanov are also included.
Lully: Miserere. Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morrison, sopranos: Alfred Deller, counter: Richard Lewis, William Herbert, tenors: and Bruce Boyce, baritone. Anthony Lewis conducting. L'Oiseau Lyre DL-53003, $2.98.	There is much eloquent music in this score, but it is only occasionally liberated by performers and engineers. The promise in the good repute of most of the performers is belied by rather tentative treatment of the chromatic texture, which must be given bold articulation if it is not to sound inadvertent. For this, conductor Lewis must share partial blame, though inexpert microphone placement contributes to the total of inadequacies.
Rameau: "Hippolyte et Aricie." Soloists and orchestra conducted by Rober Désormière. Oiseau Lyre 50034, $4.98.	Much of the situation above prevails in this other product from the same source, save that the music is much more beautiful, the performance decidedly poorer. In the cases of Claudine Verneuil (Aricie) and Geneviève Moizan (Phèdre), it is close to amateurish. Flore Wend (Une Matelote) and Raymond Amade (Hippolyte) maintain a decent professionalism, as does, of course Désormiére, when he is not hopelessly handicapped. The sound suggests a not too skilful dub from 78s. Nonetheless, there is much to enjoy in Rameau's delightful use of the orchestra for the dance music and the hunt atmosphere.
Ravel: "Schéhérazade;" "Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé;" "Deux Mélodies Hébraïques," Suzanne Danco, soprano, with the Suisse Romande Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet. London LL-1196, $3.98.	About the best singing yet to Danco's credit, with her shining instrumental timbre molded to expressive ends by the artful Ansermet, who evokes an irresistible atmosphere with his orchestra. The second side is less consistently good, the two "Hebraic Melodies" being somewhat pale and inexpressive. Exceptional sound throughout.
Ravel: Sonata. Bartók: No. 2. Rafael Druian, violin, John Simms, piano. Mercury MG-80000, $3.98.	Highly skilled work by the team of Druian (concertmaster of the Minneapolis Orchestra) and Simms, with gratifying results in the Ravel especially. The Bartók is given a full measure of interpretative insight, but it does not yield too much in listening pleasure. Razor-sharp reproduction throughout. —I. K.

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WEST COAST REPORT

L. A.'s "Most Likely to Succeed"

HOLLYWOOD BOWL, now nearing the brim of its thirty-fourth season, has been a focus of especial interest this summer for those Angelenos to whom music is something more than a coefficient of cooling breezes in a pleasantly sylvan setting. No undue credit for this need be given to the programs which, eye to turnstiles, have hewn stolidly to a weatherworn repertoire, embellished by interludes devoted to such frontier enthusiasms as squaredancing and the coonskinned glamour of Davy Crockett.

What lifts the present season above the ordinary is the element of speculation attending the podium appearance of this summer's several guest conductors, a development intensified by the announcement last June that the end of the 1955-56 season would find the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra in the market for a new musical director to succeed the resigning Alfred Wallenstein. This is the first time in twelve years that symphony-goers have been in a position to scrutinize any visiting conductor with an eye to a permanent position, and it has stimulated a conjectural buzz not paralleled in this city since the pregnant hours that preceded D-Day.

Among the names that bubble to the surface most frequently in musical gatherings are those of Eduard van Beinum and Georg Solti, both of whom were heard during the opening weeks of the season, and both of whom are contracted for further appearances with the orchestra during the coming winter. Mr. Solti, who since 1952 has been musical director of the Frankfurt Opera, was first heard here in the fall of 1953, when he won the instant affection of operagoers with his brilliant handling of several of the repertoire's more prickly items. A subsequent span of symphonic conducting at Hollywood Bowl last summer, however, left some of his most ardent partisans with their enthusiasm faintly tempered, and the present season's two opening concerts found him bringing no more than a literal approach to standard material that was curiously at variance with the virility of his operatic showing. Some considerable part of this may have been due to the orchestra, which like all orchestras has its own dark, unfathomable moods, and which seemed determined on this occasion to give Mr. Solti no quarter. Hollywood Bowl, of course, is scarcely the place to judge of any conductor's prowess, since only the bolder outlines of any musical reading are preserved across the reaches of the amphitheatre's 20,000-seat acreage.

The same, of course, goes for Mr. van Beinum, with the difference that his not inconsiderable qualities are already well known to many of us through recordings, and that the baton which has successfully conjured with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw was able to wreak an instant and salutary effect upon the Los Angeles ensemble. By the end of his four concerts, antebellum Angelenos who remember Otto Klemperer's distinguished regnum here were visibly heartened. Even those most persuaded of Van Beinum's musical gifts felt some misgivings over his espousal of so many Mengelbergian dramatic artifices, however.

A vacant podium, of course, does not mean that every visiting conductor who crosses it briefly is interested in taking up a permanent stance thereon. His audience, for all this, is apt to eye him as purposefully as a parent with seven marriageable daughters, and this intent scrutiny has been the common portion of such further summertime visitors as Izler Solomon, Enrique Jorda, Leonard Bernstein, Carlos Chavez, and Erich Leinsdorf.

But whether any or all of the summer's visitors might be persuaded to take up permanent residence in the City of the Angels is a question not likely to be answered before next year, if then. Van Beinum, especially, would appear to be comfortably occupied between his Concertgebouw chores and his continuing affiliation with the London Philharmonic. On the other hand, Southern California is able to offer any conductor such inducements as an attractive salary, an attractive climate, and a wealth of fine instrumentalists.

At the moment, local odds are being offered on Van Beinum, but there is still a winter season ahead, and one that will bring William Steinberg here for a concert pair early in February. The ardency felt here in musical circles toward Pittsburgh's Promethean little maestro has reached epic proportions at times, and his visit to the Philharmonic Orchestra—his first in a dozen winters—is certain to have provoking consequences. Meanwhile, Los Angeles ponders her problem of succession.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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RELEASES

TELEFUNKEN

R. Strauss: DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION, op. 24
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R. Strauss: TILL EULENSPIEGEL, op. 28
Vienna Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Clemens Krauss 12"—LGX-66032—$4.98

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Mozart: SYMPHONY No. 30 IN D MAJOR (K. 202)
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Laurence Boulay, harpsichord (Suite No. 1)
Irmgard Lechner, harpsichord (Suite No.2)
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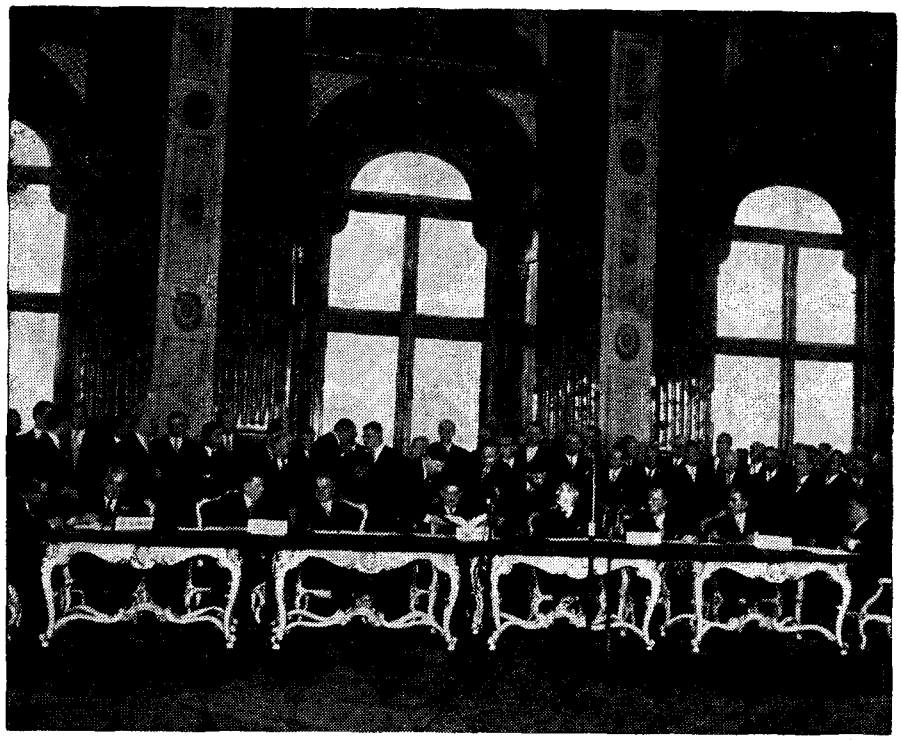

—Acme.

The Austrian treaty-signing (May 15)—"after the F sharp major chords . . . only silence."

FAREWELL SYMPHONY

The Austro-American Radio

By H. C. ROBBINS LANDON

THE PROPAGANDA of an occupying military power is seldom welcomed by the defenseless populace of the country in question; and this was especially true of Austria, whose long-promised freedom was ten full years in the making. From 1945 to 1955 she had four occupying powers with which to contend, and that she preserved friendly relations with all four was sometimes difficult, in view of the crude propaganda measures which, for example, the Russians used to woo the Austrian people. In these circumstances it is a pleasure to report the overwhelming success of the Austro-American radio, "Rot-Weiss-Rot" (the national colors), which broadcast its final program on July 27.

European radio stations are almost without exception (Luxemburg is one) state-owned and state-controlled. The Russians were the first to arrive in Vienna in 1945, and they promptly took over the direction of Radio Vienna, popularly known as "Ravag." In the succeeding years the Austrian Government gradually assumed control of its radio, but the Russians insisted on reserving the most popular hours of the day for their own programs, a source of constant annoyment to the Government and, more especially, to the listeners. "This Is the Russian Hour" was the occasion of thousands of radios clicking into silence. The Viennese, who are good-natured and easygoing, were not furious; they were simply bored to death by the droning Russian propaganda that emerged from their loudspeakers.

When the Americans arrived in Western Austria they took over Radio Salzburg and Radio Linz, to which, shortly afterwards, was added a Viennese station. These three were joined in a network which was given the title "Red-White-Red"; their call-signal (no one seems to remember who was the originator of this brilliant idea) was the first few notes of the "Blue Danube" Waltz, and their mission, briefly, was to provide Austria with a free, democratic radio run on American principles. "Red-White-Red," though it was supported by American funds, was never a rich network, and so the program officers had to make up in ingenuity what they lacked in money. They hired young and unknown artists and made them famous. Their technicians were often magicians, working with outmoded equipment and contacting each other with old German Army field telephones. I can remember an elegant broadcast of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in Salzburg in which the technician's only contact with the studio was through one of these dilapidated instruments.

IN THE course of the years a number of innovations was introduced. Austrian charm was wedded to American efficiency: charm in the tones of the speaker, in his way of presentation; efficiency in the fact that programs started and finished on time (something unheard of in the Austrian State Radio). The staff operated as a team, and anyone who had a good idea could voice it at one of the program meetings. Out of these ideas often came brilliant programs. All sorts of American programs appeared, cleverly made Austrian by one or another small detail. "Radio Family," a sort of high-grade soap opera, achieved enormous success. "Radio Parliament," a forum in which the listeners can say what they think, was a purely American idea which fascinated the Austrians. Altogether, "Red-White-Red" became the favorite station of the man in the street: he knew that it was a democratic institution, where his opinion counted. And if he wrote a letter, objecting to this or that program, his letter would be answered; and very likely he might be invited to participate in the next open forum.

Classical music (*i.e.*, the entire Salzburg Festival) was balanced by lighter fare and by jazz. Of course, American composers and conductors were represented, but never rammed down the listener's throat; a Barber symphony or a Copland overture was always sandwiched in between Mozart or Schubert, and a Haydn quartet would often pave the way for Bernstein or Menotti. In sharp contrast to the programs of the State Radio, which in all fairness are badly organized and for the most part dull, "Red-White-Red"'s average day moved swiftly and smoothly. One program, in which current events were sharply criticized (bad movies and silly politics alike came under the hammer), reached such popularity that the State Radio may be forced to take it over. The RWR news broadcasts—there were over twice as many as on any other station—were models of compact reporting, and all through the dark era of American witch-hunting RWR miraculously managed to stay aloof, continuing its matter-of-fact presentation of current events the world over. It did not take long for the "Blue Danube" call-signal to reach almost every home throughout

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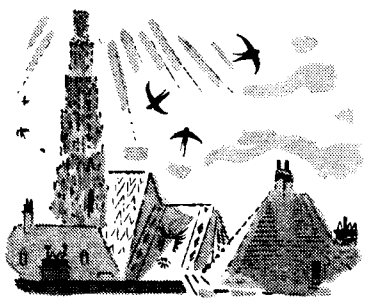
Austria; and I shall not embarrass the State Radio by a documentary report on the overwhelming listener majority that RWR achieved. Suffice it to say that no American institution in Europe can boast a more heartwarming success than "Red-White-Red."

AFTER the signing of the State Treaty there was a tremendous popular insistence that RWR be maintained, and the Austrian Government actually allotted a substantial sum for its continuation, at least till the end of the current year; but as might be expected the State Radio, smouldering in angry resentment at its rival's popularity, put a stop to this move and pocketed the money for its own use. The Americans had already returned the Salzburg and Linz stations to the Government, and only Vienna remained. The last broadcast day, from the tiny remodelled apartment that constituted the "Red-White-Red" Viennese studios, was July 27. The week before saw article after article in the Viennese press, summing up the network's activity and expressing profound regret at its enforced silence. The Austrian Chancellor and Vice-chancellor spoke, followed by the acting U.S. Ambassador, James Penfield, and the Director of the U.S. Information Center, T. G. Streibert. In the evening there was a grand résumé of the favorite programs: all the Austrian personnel spoke, and many of the Americans (in German, which of course pleased everyone). But instead of a dramatic exit one of the American officers, at the end of the program, quietly announced: "You will now hear Haydn's 'Farewell' Symphony, at the end of which 'Red-White-Red' will be no longer." And after the gentle F sharp major chords of two solo violins, there was, indeed, only silence.

Die Presse, Vienna's leading independent newspaper, wrote: "With the end of 'Rot-Weiss-Rot' an island of humanity, of tolerance, and of the free mind sinks into a sea of barely camouflaged reactionism." But we may hope that, after all, "Red-White-Red" has not lived in vain, and that its spirit will continue, perhaps even in the austere halls of Radio Vienna.



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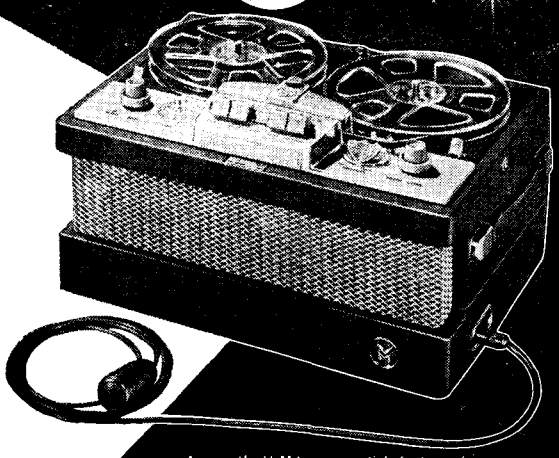

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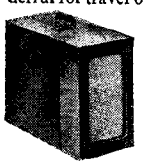

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THE OTHER SIDE

ENGLISH INDEPENDENTS

LONDON.

WHETHER it is the uncommonly fine summer which we have thus far enjoyed, or whether the "Big Two" are just too preoccupied with stereosonic projects designed to astound visitors to the National Radio and Television Exhibition (Earls Court, August 24 to September 3), the fact is that the stream of new LP issues has momentarily all but dried up. Such August lists as there are contain little that is likely to interest *SR* readers, though Nixa contributes a pleasing song recital (mainly devoted to Purcell, Mozart, and Schubert) by Margaret Ritchie, while the Philips issues include a sturdy version of Beethoven's G major Concerto (de Groot and van Otterloo) as well as a lively account of the Khachaturian Piano Concerto, with Yuri Boukoff as soloist.

However ominous such a lull may seem to the reviewer, it does at least afford him the opportunity to catch up with the work of one of two minor companies, firms whose products are apt to be overlooked whenever Decca and EMI are in full flow. Argo is a notable case in point for, despite comparatively slender resources which preclude large-scale orchestral ventures, it has produced a number of outstanding discs, particularly in the field of the spoken word. Admirers of Dylan Thomas will no doubt be glad to learn that his radio feature, "Under Milk Wood," of which I wrote last October, is to be among the first Argo recordings to be distributed in the USA by Westminster. A further disc devoted to Thomas's poems, read by Richard Burton, is scheduled for early release over here but, meanwhile, I can thoroughly recommend Mr. Burton's reading (with some assistance from John Neville and Robert Hardy) of Coleridge's masterpiece, "The Rime of The Ancient Mariner."

About three years ago Argo gave a cocktail party to launch its first LP disc: Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." I gather that the subsequent fire, which destroyed the tapes and masters, is now looked upon as a blessing in disguise, for it has given Argo the opportunity to record a new and far superior version of this celebrated piece, performed by Ethel Semser and the Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble under René Leibowitz.

English music of our time has always occupied a prominent place in Argo's output, and the present batch of releases contains records devoted to works by Constant Lambert and William Walton. The latter is represented by his early Piano Quartet (Robert Masters Quartet) and the more recent Violin Sonata (Max Rostal and Colin Horsley); the Lambert disc—especially welcome, since we hear far too little of his music—contains the Concerto for Solo Piano and Nine Instruments as well as the "Eight Songs of Li-Po" (dedicated, by the way, to Anna May Wong). Both works date from the composer's middle twenties and each in its way shows his sensitive craftsmanship as well as his unquenchable *joie de vivre*. Gordon Watson (piano) and Alexander Young (tenor) are the admirable soloists, supported by the Argo Chamber Ensemble under Charles Groves. I find it difficult to understand, on the other hand, what prompted Argo to record Antony Hopkins's little opera "Three's Company." Hopkins (b. 1921) is among the most gifted of our younger musicians, possessed of great facility when composing for radio, stage, or screen and a brilliant lecturer on musical subjects, but this piece, written for Intimate Opera (a touring company consisting of three singers and a piano which has, under Hopkins's direction, taken operatic entertainments to remoter parts of Britain for a number of years) is little more than a charade whose wit, both verbal and musical, is apt to misfire. Hopkins's Piano Sonata in C minor, which occupies the spare side of this two-disc set and which is performed by the young American pianist Lamar Crowson, is more rewarding, for all its eclecticism.

Other Argo releases include Fauré's two Piano Quartets, competently played by the Robert Masters Quartet, Delius's Cello Sonata (Anthony Pini and Wilfrid Parry) and his Violin Sonata No. 2 (Rostal and Horsley), and a pair of discs devoted to organ music by Mendelssohn. These contain the three Preludes and Fugues of 1837 as well as the six Sonatas composed during 1844, skilfully played by Arnold Richardson at the organ of the Royal Festival Hall. The recording has faithfully captured the characteristic timbre of this instrument which, completed only eighteen months ago, has been the object of heated controversy among specialists in this country.

Current Argo projects include the first LP version of "The Beggar's Opera" (in Frederic Austin's popular version, not Britten's controversial realization) and the complete works of Orlando Gibbons, but my survey of this enterprising company's work would be incomplete without a reference to their delightful discs of West Indian music, arranged, annotated and sung by Edric Connor. To date three collections have appeared in this series, "Songs from Jamaica," "Songs from Trinidad," and "Calypso." The last of these is particularly enjoyable: the songs are mostly high-spirited and witty, whether dealing with democracy or with wife-beating, though one or two manage to strike a more serious note (such as "Message to UNO," with its passionate anti-war sentiment expressed in movingly simple terms). I cannot resist quoting from one of the most lighthearted of Mr. Connor's Calypsos, entitled "Ugly Woman":

> An ugly woman gives you your meals in time
> And tries to make you happy in mind.
> She'll never do things in a funny way
> To cause the neighbours anything to say.
> She'd never disregard her husband at all,
> By exhibiting herself to Peter and Paul.
>
> And so, from a logical point of view,
> Better love a woman uglier than you.

(Nick Shadow may have put the case more subtly when persuading Tom to marry Baba the Turk, but it amounts to much the same thing!)

Although the supply of Supraphon discs, which were imported from Prague in their finished state, has temporarily dried up pending a new trade agreement between Britain and Czechoslovakia, Russian recordings issued here on the Monarch label are more securely based since they are transcribed and pressed in this country. Among the more recent issues in this series we have had several operatic performances from the Bolshoi Theatre, such as "Prince Igor," Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades" and Rimsky's "May Night," as well as excerpts from "Mazeppa" and from Dargomizhky's "Rusalka." As always, David Oistrakh is well represented with a pair of Mozart Sonatas (K. 379 and K. 454), the Brahms Double Concerto and the Concerto in C by

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Kabalevsky. This performance of the Brahms, incidentally, is not that obtainable in the USA, which was recorded in Prague, but another version in which he is partnered by Sergei Knushevitzky (a fine cellist, if not quite in Oistrakh's class) and the Leningrad Philharmonic under Karl Eliasberg. It is indeed gratifying, after all these years, to be able to listen to this great violinist at will in a wide repertoire, but I wish, too, that we could hear more of Danya (or Daniil) Shafran, whose performance of Kabalevsky's Cello Concerto (coupled with his Violin Concerto) confirms the deep impression which she made upon me in a wartime Decca set of Tchaikovsky's "Rococo Variations."

Next month we embark on the serious business of another winter season and, although we are not likely to witness the emergence of many new labels, everything points towards an intensified competition between Decca, EMI, Philips, Nixa, and Deutsche Grammophon. Exciting as it is to learn that Columbia's recording team has been engaged on a stereosonic version of Beethoven's Ninth in Vienna (with Karajan conducting and Schwarzkopf leading the solo quartet), the normal LP disc is likely to remain our chief concern for a good while yet.

In view of next January's bi-centenary celebrations, it is not surprising that Mozart will occupy the place of honor: already in the offing are three new versions of "Don Giovanni," two each of "Figaro" and "Così," and one of "Zauberflöte." Decca has recorded all four operas in Vienna: "Figaro" is conducted by Kleiber and the cast includes Della Casa, Gueden, Danco, Siepi and Poell; in "Don Giovanni," under Krips, we have the same female principals (Danco singing Donna Anna!) with Siepi as the Don, Corena (Leporello), Dermota, and Böhme; Karl Böhm is in charge both of "Cosi"—with Della Casa, Christa Ludwig, Emmy Loose, Dermota, Kunz, and Schöffler—and of "Zauberflöte"—with Lipp, Gueden, Loose, Simoneau, Berry, and Böhme. I understand, too, that Decca has already put on tape Bayreuth performances of "Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung," while its Italian repertoire will be enriched by "Forza del Destino" (which we were promised earlier this year, but which has yet to appear) and by "Turandot." When it is further realized that, in addition to three Mozart operas, EMI is ready with Verdi's "Don Carlo," Strauss's "Ariadne," and the Furtwängler-directed "Walküre," readers will understand why, at the beginning of this report, I described the present lull as "ominous"! —THOMAS HEINITZ.

℞ for Good Music

Continued from page 33

as human beings, as the rest of us. We might speculate that their contact with other human beings on the basic level of suffering, a level where many conventionalities and unrealities are swept away, develops in many doctors a more constant flow of humanism, a greater aliveness to the genuine emotional life of which music is the finest expression. Or that their experience of suffering creates a craving for the anodyne of music.

But these are speculations totally resistant to investigation. What is definite is the feeling that everyone in contact with the audio activities of doctors gets: that a very large percentage of them is sincerely and deeply attached to music, aware of its finest values, actively engaged in enjoying it. Probably the best way to give a glimpse of this reality is to report the interview with a Yonkers' physician of many years' practice.

He had the predisposing experience with radio as a hobby. This was dormant for some time. Then one day the doctor, who had then about a dozen 78-rpm recordings, decided to build an amplifier himself to improve reproduction.

"The results were pretty miserable," he says, "but the bug had bitten me. The infection really took hold when I heard a pretty good system in the home of a fellow physician. I dug in, and soon had something that made music a new experience for me."

The doctor's record collection started to grow: today it reaches some 400 LPs from Vivaldi to Stravinsky, from Purcell to Bartok. He began to have joint listening sessions with a number of other doctors, who, he says, covered every income level and every approach to hi-fi, from the purely technical to the purely musical.

Although he had not been to more than two or three concerts in many years, after hi-fi his visits to Carnegie Hall, to Tanglewood, and to other sources of fine music became more and more frequent, until now, he says, he misses scarcely any important concert in the area. His system has gone through a number of transformations and, he admits, will probably go through many more.

The doctor reports that his own home life has happened to be lonely in recent years, and this has led to one of the important discoveries of his life.

"In my mid-sixties," he says, "I at last learned that if a man has music he need never be lonely."

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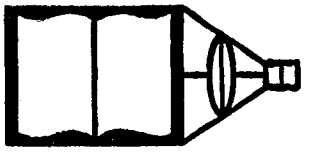

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THE AMEN CORNER

Notes from the North

SUMMER has not yet departed the Maine coast, and we have been enjoying the poetic melancholy of Miles Davis's trumpet, engaged in subtle contrapuntal action with the pianist Thelonious Monk in a wholly remarkable version of George Gershwin's "The Man I Love" (Prestige LP-200). Last month Davis put a spell upon the Newport Jazz Festival, and he makes haunting company in the living room. Monk's eccentric variations on Gershwin are inimitable, and there are also the excellent Milt Jackson, vibes; Percy Heath, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums.

Jackson appears in another fine program with the pianist Horace Silver—delicate and authoritative—and I call special attention to their up-tempo blues, "Stonewall" (Prestige LP 7003). But this is all chamber jazz of high refinement. Somewhat on the gustier side is the young trumpeter Jon Eardley, an erstwhile ornament of Gerry Mulligan's crew, working now with tenor saxophonist J. R. Montrose (Prestige LP 207) and really pushing the business. And while we are still in the modern vein I will mention an artist called King Pleasure whose specialty is vocal versions of instrumental solos. He invents his own words; they are apt and sometimes witty; and I have obtained a double value from his translations of such saxophone solos as Charlie Parker's "Parker's Mood" and Lester Young's "Sometimes I'm Happy." In the first place, they are attractive jazz singing in themselves and, secondly, they point up, in to me quite a startling way, the contours of the instrumental style (Prestige LP 208).

The traditional buy of the month is "Satch Plays Fats," which of course means a program of Fats Waller's tunes by Louis Armstrong and his band (Columbia CL 708). This is the current outfit, with Trummy Young on the trombone, and the delicious roster ranges from "Ain't Misbehavin'" to "Squeeze Me." George Avakian's copious notes include a briefing on Waller's lyricist, Andy Razaf, whose real name is Andreamentena Razafinkeriefo and who is the son of the late Grand Duke of Madagascar who died fighting the French in 1896. This LP, incidentally, contains a couple of those pleasant tape tricks in which Armstrong can be heard accompanying himself.

Another sturdy, historically oriented LP is "Paul Barbarin and His New Orleans Jazz" (Atlantic 1215) in which the veteran drummer is joined by such fine performers as trumpeter John Brunious, bassist Milton Hinton, and banjoist Danny Barker. The tunes include such parading gems as "Sing On" and "Bourbon Street" and, as I once heard a barker declare at Savin Rock, "there is nothing in this show to offend the most fascinating man."

Ed McCurdy, an appealing man himself, is a fellow who sings about sin. On one side of his LP he is for it, and on the other agin' it. Thus you have the praises of rye whiskey balanced by the fact that "tobacco is an Indian weed." This seems equable enough, and it remains to be said that in "Sin Songs—Pro and Con" Mr. McCurdy handles some fairly ticklish material with a great deal of tact and no little musicality (Elektra 24).

"Festival in Haiti," under the direction of the dancer Jean Léon Destiné, is a delight for the drumming of men named Ti-Roro and Alphonse Cimber and for the exquisitely rhythmic fife playing of the Haitian composer, Herblee (Elektra 30). The Haitian forms discoursed include méringues, a vodoun chant, and other magic matters.

It is not everyone who wants records by an Alsatian brass band, but we do, and are in a position to recommend the organization under Jules Mayer of Schnockerloch (London W 91057). These boys give an utterly stirring rendition of the waltz "Over the Waves" (Rosas) and, needless to say, they also get into schottische and polka routines.

This summer miscellany will be concluded with mention of two beautifully recorded LPs by the famous blues singer and guitarist Josh White. On one he sings his own narrative of the legendary John Henry, and on the other a number of ballads and blues; both records are in a single album (Elektra 701). We may say that White often sounds a little bland for our taste; we prefer the more abrasive timbre of Leadbelly. But White is a gifted and lyrical musician and superbly represented here. The Elektra people are also to be saluted for their excellent program notes and word sheets.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

I FOUND Jennis A. Nunley's article "Concerning Audiophilia" [*SR* July 30] most entertaining. Through his creative imagination Mr. Nunley has produced a word which adequately describes our cult. But surely Mr. Nunley must know of the brighter side to the life of an amateur audiophile. I am certain that the thousands of audiophiles who faithfully read *RECORDINGS* would enjoy seeing him report it.

HOWARD J. HANSEN.

Mexico, N. Y.

HOW MORBID ARE WE?

THE ARTICLE "Concerning Audiophilia" made an unpleasant impression on me. Mr. Nunley (or is it Miss?) reveals his bias in the way he plays ducks and drakes with etymology. There is no etymological connection between the words audiophile and audiophilia. They look and sound alike, but they spring from different roots. They are contractory and mutually exclusive. Audiophilism would be logical and proper, as in the case of bibliophile and bibliophilism.

The word audiophile stems from the Greek *philo*, loving; and it bears no connotation of morbidity. It identifies a person who loves beautiful sound, just as heliophile identifies one who loves the sun. Has anyone ever heard of heliophilia? And, conversely, a person afflicted with hemophilia is a hemophiliac, one addicted to necrophilia is a necrophiliac, and so on.

In good English, then, what Mr. Nunley tried to say was that we are not audiophiles, but audiophiliacs.

JACK COX.

Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Cox's Greek etymology doesn't convince. Is there a classical scholar in the house?*

THE TRUTH ABOUT BEETHOVEN

RE THE LETTER of the Sterbas [*SR* July 30], permit me to state that I would not hang my mother-in-law's cat on evidence no better than that which has been presented to prove that Beethoven was luetic. The most detailed consideration of the evidence on this matter that I have found in an extensive study of the Beethoven literature is in the book by Dr. Waldemar Schweisheimer, "Beethovens Leiden" (1923). His findings are summarized on page 95:

> The most exhaustive study that has been made so far of Beethoven's ailments presents the conclusion that the clinical course of Beethoven's illnesses [deafness, intestinal disorders of long standing, cirrhosis of the liver], so far as is known to us, shows no characteristics that are typical of syphilis. The findings of the autopsy indicate against a diagnosis of syphilis.

The student who is interested in having the statements of various writers set forth *pro* and *con* may consult an article by Dr. Charles K. Carpenter in *Annals of Otology, Rhinology, and Laryngology* Vol. 45 (1936), page 1069. As Carpenter says:

> Whether Beethoven had that disease or not is in itself of little consequence —he had begged that the truth about him, whatever it might be, be told— but it is of consequence whether or not [his] biographers have without sufficient warranty attributed it to him.

It is too much to hope that such a titillating story will drop out of the popular biographies and the music-appreciation courses merely because there is no reason to believe that it is true, but serious scholars like the Sterbas should not be forced to defend themselves for not having given new currency to the fable.

DONALD W. MACARDLE.

Dallas, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Old wives' fables die hard. SR now buries the canard about Beethoven.*

GIMME SOME H & H

HARRIGAN AND HART (with music by Braham) were "deliriously idolized by critics and cash customers alike" according to a review by Arthur Mayer of "The Merry Partners: The Age and Stage of Harrigan and Hart," by E. J. Kahn, Jr. [*SR* July 30], but curiously enough it seems that the team has been completely ignored by the LP recordmakers. Is this because the songs of Harrigan and Hart are too simple for our present sophisticated taste? Or have the recording companies been so busy searching for the diamonds in far-off places and in times long ago that they have neglected the diamonds in their own backyards of the immediate past?

In any event, as a matter of historical completeness we should have some recordings of the 200 songs written by Harrigan and set to music by Braham, so that we can judge for ourselves the value of these songs and the musical taste of our forebears.

ALBERT HAND.

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *J. Durante would seem the man to the manor born.*

A FURTWÄNGLER—FILE

I AM AN AVID READER of *SR*, since I am a librarian, and I anxiously await *RECORDINGS* issue each month. A question has been in my mind for quite some time regarding Wilhelm Furtwängler's recordings. Do you know if he made a new recording of the Tchaikovsky Sixth Symphony before his death? If not, perhaps RCA Victor might be persuaded to release his earlier masterful version on the Treasury Series. It is unfortunate that we are continually flooded with so many inferior interpretations, and yet are denied this great one on LP. I still treasure my old 78 album, worn and scratchy as it is. But I feel that an LP could capture much of the original luster. This would also apply to his early recordings of "Parsifal" and Beethoven's Fifth.

THOMAS CHANDLER.

Atlanta, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *RCA Victor is willing, if the master material suits. The subject is now under study.*

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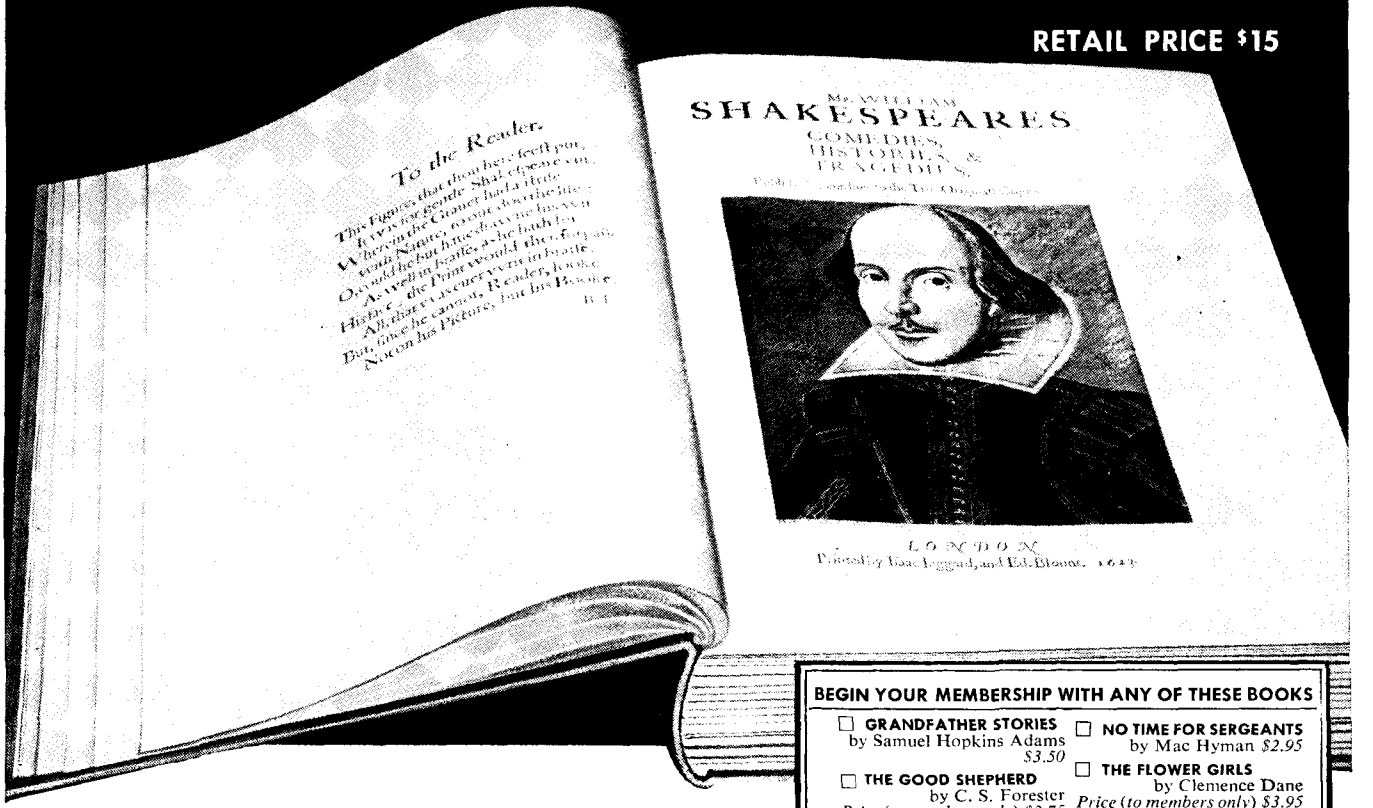

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